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[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[THE GUEST'S APPEAL.]

THE MISER'S HEIR.

CHAPTER X.

Oh, dared task, what language in her eyes,
So oft entrances my rapt heart to trace!
What in a thousand blushing roses flies
As I draw near her, to her lovely face.

"We have always been friends," rejoined Harold, quickly, "friends since childhood."

"But now," said Roger, "that friendship begins to assume another aspect, does it not?"

"As Ethel's brother you have the right to ask the question, and so far as I am concerned myself, I will answer you frankly, Roger. I love your sister Ethel a thousand times more than my life."

Roger's handsome moustached lip curled, partly in scorn, partly in annoyance.

"A great many people," said he, "will probably be in the same condition in regard to Ethel if they are thrown much in her society. My sister is one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in England. She has lived such a secluded life, and she is naturally so thoughtful and so romantic, and so much the reverse to all that is coquettish and vain, and worldly, that she positively does not know half her own value. But she would be very foolish—you must agree with me, she would be very foolish!" and Roger emphasised the word very in a strong manner—"to enter into an engagement with you simply because you are the first person she has seen who has made love to her. We are neighbours, Mr. Harcourt, and have been friends from childhood, as you remarked just now; and you and I know a great deal of one another's circumstances; you, for instance, know how utterly dependant I am upon the caprice of my miserly uncle; and how that any day I might positively find myself houseless, and a beggar. While I know that you must subsist for many years, either

upon what your mother allows you, or what you can earn by taking pupils. You would be tying Ethel to a life of privation, if you asked her to cast in her lot with yours. I hope you have not done this, Harold Harcourt?"

No one can possibly deny that Roger spoke very sensibly; but we, who know the selfish motives that actuated him, do not like him any the better for his wise speeches.

Harold was in great confusion; but he was too honourable to conceal anything from the brother of her whom he loved.

"I have spoken to Ethel, Mr. Thorncliffe," he said; "we have plighted our troth to each other. She feels as I do, that there is no consideration under the sun—no consideration of wealth and worldly good that is worthy to be weighed for one single instant against such love as ours. But if you can succeed in making your sister think as you do, if Ethel repents of her hasty promise, now or at any future time, I will release her; and our engagement must be a very long one. She will, doubtless, have many brilliant offers during the interim. If she chooses to accept either of these, I will never utter one single reproach. But as long as she remains faithful to the promise which she gave me just now, no power on earth shall compel me to waive my right."

Harold's voice had faltered when he first began to speak, but by the time he had expressed all that was in his mind, his tone grew firm, he walked erect and looked Roger boldly in the face.

Roger nodded his head, and his lip curled.

"So," he said, while an angry gleam shone in his eyes, "then you refuse to withdraw, and the whole of this matter rests with my sister."

"Exactly so," cried Harold, a little hastily, and a passionate flash made his hazel eyes very bright for a moment.

There was something extremely cutting in the scorn of Roger Thorncliffe.

Roger stood still in the path. He raised his hat from his head.

"I wish you good morning, Mr. Harcourt. I shall do my best to dissuade my sister from this folly."

A glance of triumph shot from the eyes of Harold. He did not believe that worldly Roger could influence divine Ethel.

He bowed low to the companion of his childhood, and his face said plainly, "Do your worst."

But as Roger walked on alone under the trees, an evil smile curled the corners of his mouth.

Ethel shall repulse him with annihilating disdain before this day week," said he.

He spoke aloud, and looked up into the branches as though he expected some demons or wood spirits to come down and discourse with him.

"Harold Harcourt is a thief," continued Roger, speaking aloud, "who goes in for hard work and all the virtues. I always disliked him, now I hate him. I'll ruin Harold Harcourt!"

Handsome Roger set his foot upon a worm that crossed the path, and he crushed it savagely under his heel.

"Like that," said he, "I'll spoil his fine prospects for him!"

Truly the temper of the Miser's Heir was not an angelic one that morning.

Ethel went cheerfully into the Manor House, and performed all the duties that her brother had requested her to undertake in connection with the arrival of the expected guest, Mr. Mortlake.

The bright October morning waned into a somewhat dull and chilly afternoon. A cheerful fire burned in the grate of the dingy old dining-room. Ethel sat before the bay window, her fingers busied with her embroidery, her mind occupied with happy thoughts.

Her dress was of maize-coloured silk, another item of her grandmother's wardrobe which had descended to her. The hue suited well with her dark hair, delicate complexion, and lustrous eyes. The

body was cut square and trimmed with black lace. Ethel wore the old-fashioned silk with as much grace as that with which an empress wears her jewelled emblazoned robes of state.

Miss Melville, seeing that her young friend was full of thought, that her answers were absent, and miles away from the conversation, employed herself in reading a treatise of Mr. Matthew Arnold or Mr. Stuart Mill.

We know not which of those learned essayists occupied the time and thoughts of the good little governess on that especial afternoon, as the light in the west grew redder, while twilight shadows gathered over the old garden.

The sombre trees in the shrubbery, a path of which ran close up to the dining-room window, added to the general effect of gloom and awe.

Twilight and sunset always seemed to possess the power of surrounding Greywold with a weird uncanny presence—that is to say, it thus appeared to Ethel Thornecliffe.

But then Ethel Thornecliffe was young and fanciful and highly romantic by nature; at the same time all of what might have grown into extravagance if unchecked, had been educated under the judicious training of Miss Melville.

"It is blind man's holiday," said Miss Melville, laying down her book.

"Yes," answered Ethel.

She folded up her embroidery and went and stood in the recess of the window, thinking of Harold Harcourt and of her happy love.

Then Miss Melville slipped out of the room so silently that Ethel never missed her.

All at once a dark figure stood between Ethel and the fading light—a tall form wrapped in a cloak from head to foot. This person came to a dead stop before the window, and then a sharp, shrill female voice called out:

"Charity, my lady, charity! help and pity for the stranger and the starving; for the little children without bread, and the old woman who lies on straw crying for want of food and fire!"

It was such a sudden appeal—the woman's voice rang out so clear upon the now frosty air, for those mellow autumn days gave place to frosty nights.

There was something so arousing, not to say alarming, in the tone, that Ethel threw up the window, and spoke compassionately to the woman.

"Where do you come from?" she asked gently.

"Alas, lady, the world is now my home, my mother's and my two little children's. Mine is such a sad story, it would make the angels weep, lady; but I heard talk down in the village that you were an angel. Then, said I, I will seek out the angel, for men and women have no pity whatever!"

Rather an alarming thought struck Ethel.

Perhaps this woman was mad! She might be an escaped lunatic!

There was something excessively wild in her manner, as well as the words she uttered.

"I am not an angel, my good woman," said Ethel. "I am simply a young lady with very little in my power—so little that many young ladies wonder how I manage it at all—yet I contrive to give something to the poor in our own village, and I will try to do something for you, but I am afraid it will be very little."

"Little is all that anybody ever does for us!" cried the woman. "I have heard the words of liberal and generous! but I never saw the actions put in practice. As for the poor, there's much to do and little to get for them always, and they may lie down and die in the workhouse if they like, when they are worn out with work! And there they have water-gruel and harsh words, and hard beds to make their aching bones ache the more. And so it's only little you can do?"

And the woman mimicked the tones of Ethel with a very mocking emphasis.

At this moment the door opened, and old Daniel entered with a light.

The woman's head was thrust in at the window, and the light fell upon it.

A very dark face, with harsh lines, large, finely-formed features and flashing eyes—a face whose age it was difficult to guess at.

A scarlet hood was on the head, but long masses of black hair, twisted into thick, shining braids, came down each cheek—a peculiar old-fashioned mode of arranging the tresses of a woman, but somehow it was not out of character with the keen, world countenance of this personage.

Old Daniel, putting down the lamp, approached the window to shut the shutters, when he saw the woman's face.

He started and cried out:

"Get away with you, you bag of impudence and falsehoods. What do you mean by coming up here trying to paralyze the young lady? Off you shall march—to the station you shall march; that's why we can keep no poultry and no eggs safe. It's

through you and the likes of you. I'll set old Gyp at ye in a minute—he'll pretty soon see what your legs are made of."

Old Daniel was beside himself, he so often got into hot water with his master on account of the loss of the poultry and the eggs, which, despite the vigilance of old Gyp and a female hound called Luffa, constantly fell a prey to the rapacity of poachers, tramps, gipsies, and four-footed thieves from the woods—that he was inveterate, nifty, savage whenever he happened to encounter one of the fraternity.

"Daniel," cried Ethel, "you forget yourself."

The odd dark face of the woman in the scarlet hood had disappeared from the window when Daniel so emphatically, though indignantly, threatened her with the investigations which old Gyp would be ready to make regarding the material which formed the substance of her long stalwart limbs—for stalwart they must have been. She was undeniably a tall, muscular woman.

"Now she is gone," cried Ethel, piteously. "Poor creature! she has little starving children, and an old mother, she says, who is dying for want upon straw."

"Aye, she says," cried old Daniel. "She says, the shameless hussey. I'll warrant, if she's got anything belonging to her lying on straw, it's a black bottle full of gin. She ain't got no little children, she's just the one to fling 'em into the river the moment they're born, or farm 'em out, where they pison 'em by the score. Aye, I wish old Gyp could catch her—but she's sharp enough, she's off. Two fine chickens took last night and nine eggs of the Bantam hens, and Spinette looking savage enough about it to turn every drop of milk sour in the dairy, and I blamed her for it, if you please. Oh, I wish Gyp would get hold of her by the leg. I warrant if I set him after her he'd have her down."

Daniel was leaving the room in a fury, when Ethel stopped him.

"Daniel," she said, "you are a pitiless old man. Because a few eggs and a few chickens have been stolen, you would not mind maiming a helpless woman for life, by setting a savage dog like Gyp to tear her limbs. Depend upon it she never stole the eggs, she would have been afraid to come here after, and I won't have the dog set at her. I would have given her a shilling if I could, but you drove her away with your threat of Gyp."

"I'll warrant she'll be back to-night looking for them other eggs, and I warrant I'll have her if she do. I'll set a trap for her close by there!"

The strange, wild face of the woman haunted Ethel so persistently that her mind would settle on nothing else for the space of many hours.

She went out and gave strict orders that the dogs were not to be set loose.

A hard battle she had with old Daniel.

He contested the point for a long while, assuring her that the woman was probably in league with poachers, or, perhaps, housebreakers, and that in preventing the dogs from following her scent, Miss Thornecliffe was virtually opening the house to burglars, who might murder the whole family in their beds.

Ethel, however, was firm in refusing to allow old Daniel to obey the savage dictates of his nature, so the woman escaped, and the dogs were still kept chained in the yard.

Ethel stood before the fire in the dining-room, while Daniel was laying the cloth for dinner.

The dim, old-fashioned mirror over the mantelpiece reflected her beauty, but reflected it in a faded and sombre fashion.

Raising her eyes suddenly towards this mirror, Ethel encountered a face which was her own, and yet was in some degree strange to her.

It was as though she looked upon herself as she might become in the days of the future, faded away from the extreme brilliancy of her youth.

Beautiful still, but saddened, the outlines yet youthful, but the colouring dimmed, paled; so might Ethel appear when years and sorrow should have passed over her.

She started, she was fanciful and imaginative, and she could have declared that she saw looking over her shoulder in the glass, the face of the strange woman who had accosted her so oddly through the window—a mocking face with harsh lines, flashing dark eyes, long braids of jetty hair down each olive-coloured cheek, a scarlet hood descending to the shoulders, lips—on which sat a sardonic smile—lips parted, and disclosing a row of even, and white teeth.

So vivid was the impression, that Ethel not only started, but uttered a low cry, and actually turned round, expecting to find the wild woman standing by the dining-table.

She was not there.

Only Daniel was carrying in the soup, and close upon his heels came her brother Roger, dressed to

perfection, as he always was; but his manner was hurried and his cheek was flushed.

"Ethel," said Roger, "Mr. Mortlake is come; we have been conversing for the last hour—conversing about you."

"About me?" cried Ethel. "Why so? How should I interest Mr. Mortlake?"

"You can never tell how deeply you do interest him, Ethel."

"I am sorry for it, Roger."

At this moment old Daniel passed the brother and sister on his way into the hall, where he was about to sound the dinner gong.

Ethel refrained, therefore, from answering her brother for the present.

Another moment and the Indian gong was booming all through the old manor, and soon old Martin Thornecliffe entered the dining-room.

The gentleman miser had taken more pains with his toilette than was customary with him.

He wore a black coat—rusty, it is true, and of the cut of ten years ago, but still a coat which had been handsome, and had cost plenty of money in its time. An ancient waistcoat of lavender-coloured satin embroidered with silver, made so long as nearly to descend to his knees.

Shirt front and wristbands of spotless white, a black satin stock fastened by a pin, formed of a single yellow topaz, surrounded with pearls.

Old Martin's grey hair was carefully brushed, and his pale worn face looked fresh as from recent contact with cold water. He wore a heavy ring of gold on the fore finger of his right hand.

Altogether, notwithstanding the singularity of his appearance, there was something about Squire Thornecliffe which proclaimed the fact that he was a gentleman of ancient lineage.

"More visitors, more visitors," cried the old man, "nothing but visitors here from morning till night, and from one week's end to another."

"But, uncle," cried Roger, "Mr. Mortlake has come on purpose to tell you of a capital investment in Norfolk—building lots for sale, which will turn in twelve per cent. at once."

"You told me that before," responded the uncle, "otherwise I should not have dressed up to meet this man to-night."

Here old Daniel opened the door, and announced Mr. Mortlake.

That personage advanced gallily into the centre of the room. His toilette was scrupulously made; we have described this gentleman elsewhere in these pages, and there is no need to remind the reader that he was not particularly handsome.

Ethel, looking at his dark face, experienced a sudden and sickening revulsion of feeling. Could it be possible that this man loved her? How abhorrent to her was the idea; and yet he was a gentlemanly man. He was no plainer than five out of every half-dozen men that one meets with every day.

He was scrupulously and fastidiously nice in his person. He was an intellectual man—he was accomplished, for he sang with taste, played with much execution, was a skilled draftsman, for his water-coloured drawings were true to nature, full of artistic effect, and not wanting in some of that force and poetic feeling which distinguishes the man of genius, and a species of universal genius Mortlake undoubtedly was.

He spoke several languages with fluency, he had travelled all over the continent of Europe, and he was acquainted with the men and women of other countries, their manners, their morals, and their politics.

He had read much, for he could converse on most subjects.

He was a clever business man, he understood something of law and physics; he had studied theology, and could enter into controversy either with the learned bishop of the Established Church, or the half-educated street preacher, mechanic, or otherwise, who belonging to no especial Church or persuasion, goes about teaching others some portion of spiritual knowledge he has acquired.

With such a red-hot dissenter we repeat, or with the learned dignity of the Establishment, Mr. Mortlake would argue by the hour.

He had studied religion as he had studied music, languages, politics.

In fine he was a learned man, a polished gentleman. He had made his way into some of the best society in London, and above all was enormously rich.

There surely could have been no reason, then—no substantial reason, that is to say, for the fear and horror which took possession of Ethel when she was informed that this man loved her.

They sat down to dinner; it was on the produce of the estate they dined, hare soup, boiled chickens, and ham; trout caught in the river which watered the Greywold farms; a fine pheasant shot in the

Greywold woods; fruit from the Greywold gardens; but it is nevertheless a fact that old Martin Thorncliffe in his heart grudged the visitor every morsel that he ate.

The conversation during the meal related entirely to building leases, the various prices of land, speculation, loss, and profit.

Ethel and Miss Melville retired, leaving the gentlemen over their wine.

The Greywold drawing-room, a long low ceilinged apartment, wainscotted and panelled with walnut wood, and furnished with antique chairs and sofas of faded satin, had five long windows looking upon the flower garden. The heavy furnished curtains were drawn before these windows, a ruddy fire burnt in the low grate.

Ethel sat down before it, a book of illustrated poems in her hand, but her thoughts were far away from the pages before her.

Now Mortlake, now Harold Harcourt, and anon the odd starting gipsy, presented themselves to her. She was excited in some degree; her life at Greywold was somewhat eventless, and that she should have engaged herself to Harold, have been alarmed by a gipsy, and have received intimation that Mortlake loved her, all in one day, was a little too much for her nerves to bear up against completely. Her sensitive temperament would not permit her to accept all these events with the placidity of an ordinary personage.

So her slight fingers turned over the pages restlessly.

Miss Melville was occupied in fancy work; she did not disturb Ethel by speaking.

Presently the door opened, rather suddenly, and Roger strode into the room.

"Ethel," said he, "I wish to have five minutes' talk with you."

Miss Melville took the hint and left the room.

Ethel looked up in alarm, when her brother came and stood close to where she sat, and established himself upon the hearth, his hands crossed behind his back, his shoulders leaning against the mantelpiece.

The book fell from her hand, her large eyes opened in alarm, for she saw that Roger's lip trembled, and his eyes flashed.

He was, in short, excessively agitated.

"Have you engaged yourself, Ethel, to that rascal, Harcourt?"

"Rascal!"

"He is nothing better," responded Roger. "You know that his father is over head and ears in debt, and that the estate is going to the dogs. You know that the elder brother, Christopher, is a reprobate, whom no respectable woman cares to be seen speaking with. You know—"

Ethel interrupted him. Her eyes sparkled with indignation.

She waved her hand towards her brother.

"Stop, Roger!" she cried. "I know that Harold's father and brother are spendthrifts, I know that the estate is mortgaged to the last acre, but I know that Harold is all honour, generosity, nobility. I know this for a fact, Roger."

Young Thorncliffe laughed contemptuously.

"You are in love with his six feet of altitude, his blue eyes, and fair, curling hair. You believe in his studious and industrious life in chambers. You are under the impression that he dines frugally, and does not sup at all, except on a cup of coffee, which keeps him awake while he reads half the night. You place the greatest faith in the professions of this law student. Now I happen to be acquainted with his set in town, and a wilder, more dissipated set does not exist. Your friend, Harold, spends his nights between drinking and dice! He is over head and ears in debt for bonnets, gloves, lace shawls, perfumery, rings, and earrings, which he lavishes upon painted beauties who accompany him to Richmond, to the Opera, and other places of amusement! You he regards as a simple country girl, brought up Methodistically by your virtuous little governess, and taught your catechism and good morals by the parson of the parish. He considers it a fearful bore to be compelled to spend half an hour with you. Why then does he seek your society? Because, my sweet, innocent sister, he believes that you will one day inherit a great fortune. Your money will go to pay, he thinks, for the lace, bonnets, and gold earrings, which he has lavished upon the painted beauties aforesaid!"

"It is impossible, Roger."

Ethel had grown very pale, but she spoke calmly, and her voice was firm.

"It is true, Ethel," replied Roger. "Nay, more is true than I dare speak of, for you have been brought up in all purity. I could scarcely tell you all that I know of Harold Harcourt, but there is a girl upon his father's estate who has had bitter reason to rue the day when she first saw your hero. To her he has promised to make reparation—in money, mind—when

you become his wife. This poor girl is the mother of a child, which is supported by her parents. Her father is a gamekeeper at Donethorpe. Father and mother are both severe and harsh towards the girl, who has brought this dishonour home to them, but she promises them that some day she will give them fifty pounds. The hope of one day possessing this large sum makes them tolerant towards her. Sometimes she is driven desperate by their unkindness, and then she makes up her mind that she will flee away to London, and support herself and her infant by needlework. What fate would await her there, you in your philanthropy may well scruple to think of!"

Ethel started to her feet, and began to pace the drawing-room with busy steps.

Her hand was pressed to her heart, her eyes were cast down.

Roger watched her with a sort of fierce anxiety lurking in his dark eyes.

Suddenly he spoke again.

"I can show you a letter," he said, "in which Harold speaks of you as the heavy encumbrance that must be taken with the golden crib!"

"Show me that letter," said Ethel.

Her voice sounded unnaturally cold and firm.

"I will show it to you, to-morrow," responded Roger.

"And what is this girl's name?" demanded Ethel.

"I will go with you to her father's house to-morrow, Ethel," answered Roger. "And you shall hear her story from her own lips!"

Ethel was silent for the space of two minutes or so.

She stood like one in a dream, with her eyes fixed vacantly on the fire.

Roger watched her.

The change that had passed over her beauty was one pitious to contemplate.

It was like the face of a statue—a lovely model for despair.

The drooped head, the lowered eyes, the exquisite lips, firm-set in the tension of mental anguish, the colour completely faded, the whole form listless, reminding one of some exotic plant which has been beaten down by a rude tempest.

Some compassion Roger must have felt, for he bit his lip, and his brow contracted.

"Ethel," he said, at length, "do not take this so to heart. There are wiser men in the world than Harold Harcourt, who would be delighted to devote their whole lives to you. Some day you may choose one of them."

"Never!" responded Ethel. "I give my love once, and only once. It has been thrown back to me, trampled into the mire. I will offer it again to no one else!"

"But other love may be offered to you, Ethel."

"Other love would be abhorrent to me," responded Ethel.

"My dear Ethel, you will live through your age of romance, and you will learn to laugh at the mercenary pretensions of that insolent puppy, Harold Harcourt!"

At this moment the drawing-room door opened, and there entered the guest, Mr. Mortlake, followed by Squire Thorncliffe.

To Ethel it would have been impossible to remain and exchange the commonplace courtesies of everyday life with the visitor.

Hastily pleading headache then as an excuse for immediately retiring, Miss Thorncliffe bade Mr. Mortlake, her uncle, and brother good night, and quitted the room.

The evening dragged away wearily, until Squire Thorncliffe retired for the night.

When he was gone, Mortlake and Roger looked at one another fixedly.

"Let us go downstairs to the billiard-room," said Roger. "We can smoke there, and I will persuade old Spinette to light the fire. I have a bottle of choice cognac in my room, and some cigars. We will regale ourselves there, and we can discuss the matter which we have in hand, without any fear of being overheard."

Mortlake's dark face had grown singularly pale within the last hour.

The expression in his eyes noted the deep anxiety which filled his soul.

He acquiesced in what Roger proposed, and then established himself in an armchair.

He took up a newspaper, which he pretended to read, until young Thorncliffe quitted the room to give his orders.

When Mortlake found himself alone he threw the paper on the floor, bent his head forward into his hands, and rocked himself backwards and forwards in the extremity of his agitation.

He knew that Roger had been speaking to Ethel speaking against Harold Harcourt, his rival.

He saw that the shot had told, that the seed had not fallen into barren ground.

Ethel had retired for the night, not because of a headache, but because her bosom was sore.

This day, for the first time, Mr. Mortlake had learned that a rival stood in his path. The knowledge was inexpressibly bitter to him.

Altogether it would be difficult to say which suffered the most at that moment, Ethel, who was pacing her chamber in the wildest agitation, Mortlake, who sat in the faded drawing-room with his head buried in his hands, or Roger, superintending the making of the fire, the dusting of the table, and the unworking of the coigne, Roger who was playing a deep and dangerous game, Roger who had mastered the friend of his childhood, lacerated his sister's heart, uttered untruths, spoken and acted a falsehood, outraged all his natural instincts as a gentleman and a Thorncliffe, and degraded himself in his own eyes.

At last, however, the fire burnt brightly, the tall bottle of cognac, the cut goblets, the sugar and lemon stood upon the table.

The leather armchairs were drawn close to the blaze.

Spinette, who had superintended all these arrangements, lingered yet in the room.

"I am going to bring out guest 'downstairs,' Spinette," said Roger, addressing the old housekeeper. "You must not make another outcry when you see him. You must not be confusing him with the murderer of my poor father."

Spinette laid hold of the mantelpiece with both hands, and tugged at it as though she were in a spasm of agony.

"Mr. Mortlake!" she ejaculated. "I don't like to see him here. He is not the man, of course, for his nose is flat, and Robert Pole's was a Roman nose, then besides he has black hair and Pole's was red, staring, ugly red!"

"Oh, stop, Spinette!" interrupted Roger, impatiently. "I am satisfied of that old story."

"It is an old story," rejoined Spinette, shaking her bony head at Roger, while her gaunt face was lighted up by a wild expression impossible to describe in words. "It is an old story, Master Roger: but some day there will be a new chapter written and added to the old unfinished tale. Then it will be complete! The hidden mystery will be discovered. Murder will out."

Old Spinette clenched her fist, and struck the mantelpiece, so energetically that she must have bruised her hand.

"The time will come—and I shall live to see it—when the murderer will be taken from the Court of Justice to the prison house, condemned to die the death. A booting mob will accompany him, and I shall be there to see him—to see his white, ghastly face, his glaring eyes, his glance of despair—after all his long career of successful crime. I dare say, now," continued Spinette, "at this very moment he riots in wealth—he rolls along in his chaise. Men honour him, perchance, and it is possible that women love him. He is, perhaps, the father of a family. Innocent children may clamour about his knees. A loving wife may welcome his returning step. It is possible that his reputation is unblemished in the opinion of mankind. And yet—and yet—the day is drawing near when the mask shall be removed, and the hideous face of the murderer shall be revealed."

Old old Spinette had worked her self into a perfect fever of excitement.

She stood like some grim prophetess upon the hearth-rag, her bony hands clasped, her deep sunken eyes ablaze, her cavernous face suffused with a species of purple flush.

It was singular, but her white cap and stiff curls pinned in rows against her forehead, and her rusty black silk fitting tightly to her lean form, did not at all destroy the wild and cythra-like effect of her appearance.

Roger glanced at her impatiently.

"I am sick of all this nonsense, Spinette," cried the young gentleman, "tired, and thoroughly sick of it. For Heaven's sake go to bed, and give us more of this folly. You positively make me ill."

Spinette moved towards the door.

"Good-night, Master Roger," she said, "but the time will come—the time will come!"

She shook her bony finger at her young master, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XI.

As I mark the lithe form, in its marvellous grace, Skimming the daisies and brushing the dew,
Follow the west wind across the cold plain,
To meet the red sun as he kisses away
From ranches of amber the mist and the rain,
Tumbled and tossed into clouds golden grey.

MORTLAKE and Roger Thorncliffe sat over their

cigars and cognac until the grey morning light looked in at the billiard-room window, and as that grey morning light broke a slender form quitted the Manor House by a side door, and took its way by the shrubberies towards the great park, where the full-fed river swelled by the autumn rains took its course, flowing through the fields and farmsteads, amidst which it meandered for many miles.

The slender form was wrapped in a white morning robe tastefully made. A short mantle of Scotch-plaid was drawn over the shoulders, and fastened on the breast with a great brooch of Cairngorm. A large straw hat shaded the eyes, and, indeed, concealed the face of Ethel Thorncliffe—for her head drooped mournfully.

She encountered no one, however, in the shrubbery and when she had quitted it and had entered upon the path in the park which led towards the river, her walk had been as yet eventless and uninterrupted.

Soon she was by the side of the river, still with lowered head, still with hurrying footsteps.

Soon the grey light grew golden, and played upon the face of the waters.

The whole autumn landscape awoke to beauty, and the song of the birds came cheerfully from the many-coloured branches of the October woods.

But Ethel Thorncliffe was deaf and blind to sounds and sights of beauty on that lovely morning.

She hastened forwards; after a while she came to a gateway leading into a lane. This lane divided the two estates of Denethorp and Greywold.

Ethel had already walked a distance of two miles and a half, and she would have two more miles to traverse before she could reach the keeper's lodge, where dwelt Mary Anson, the unfortunate girl whom Harold Harcourt was said to have led astray and afterwards deserted.

Ethel, in short, was bent upon making inquiries for herself in this matter, which so nearly concerned her peace.

She crossed the lane; as she did so she was roused from her reverie by a voice which she recognised as that of the woman which had so startled her on the previous evening.

"Fair lady, have pity!" cried the voice. "We have slept under a hedge all night—my old mother, my children, and myself. We have eaten nothing since yesterday morning."

Ethel turned towards the speaker. There stood the woman, tall, stalwart, wild; her scarlet hood drawn round her singular face, the twisted braids of jetty hair showing underneath it, the large eyes flashing, the white teeth gleaming in a smile which Ethel could not but recognise by daylight as sardonic in the extreme.

A short cloak of faded crimson, a petticoat which seemed formed of many-coloured patchwork, brown stockings, and large country-made shoes completed the costume of this extraordinary personage. Ethel's artistic eye took in all these details at a glance. However, Miss Thorncliffe was in a hurry to arrive at the cottage of Mary Anson, and although she sympathised with all who suffered, perhaps Ethel was never in a less yielding or gentle mood than she was at that moment.

She was smarting under a cruel sense of wrong; where she had trusted she had met (so she believed) with deceit of the meanest and most perfidious nature.

She was impatient to know the worst, and here she was interrupted by this woman who had spoken to her on the previous night with a freedom which might be termed insolent, and who now looked at her with mocking, if not fierce eyes.

Ethel, however, searched for the purse; and drew out a shilling, which she handed towards the woman.

That personage appeared hardly to see it; her smile grew broader, and her eyes were fixed more insolently than ever upon Miss Thorncliffe.

"That is the way with you charitable folks," she said; "you think so much of giving a little piece of silver among three or four starving fellow-creatures. You think that such a gift will open the gates of Heaven to you, or at least a few such gifts sprinkled here and there through a long life, during which you have only been seeking your own pleasure—giving fifty guineas for a pair of diamond earrings to hang in your own dainty ears, and thanking Heaven, like the Pharisee, that you are so good and so charitable, when you have given fifty pence to a poor starving family! And fifty pence is a whole four and two-pence. Why that is enough not only to purchase your entrance into a better world, but to guarantee to you a high and mighty place there."

"You are impertinent, my good woman," answered Ethel. "Here is the shilling for you, if you like. I cannot afford to give more this morning. I told you before I had very little money at my command.

As for giving fifty guineas for a pair of ear-rings, that is a piece of extravagance of which I am entirely innocent. I have never had more than five pounds at a time to spend on myself in my life, and that has always been spent for bare necessities. I am in a hurry now and cannot stay to talk any more. Here is the shilling if you will accept it, and—"

The woman interrupted her with a short laugh. "You are busy now, young lady. You are in a hurry to find out whether your love loves you truly. Love, after all, weighs heavier than gold with most young creatures of your age; but I could answer all your questions without your troubling yourself to go further. I have not studied in the east for nothing. I can read the future as plainly as you can read a printed book—a foolish novel from a circulating library. Show me your hand and I will read you your fate."

The woman spoke with an assurance of confidence which startled Ethel Thorncliffe—surprised her out of her usual calm.

(To be Continued.)

HOW A HEART WAS LOST.

The sun's latest rays were the maple trees gilding,

And stretched on the green sward I dreamingly lay,

When Flora's sweet voice stopp'd my air castle building

By bantering me to a game of croquet.

I instantly jumped to my feet all a-tremble,

And seized on a mallet the game to begin,

And I said, "Dearest Flora, I cannot dissemble—

A play for a heart and am anxious to win!"

So, beginning the contest with such an endeavour

As only is made when one plays for a heart,

I inwardly vowed she should conquer me never,

And brought all my skill into play from the start.

I led all the way and I thought the game over—

I reached the home stake and I might have gone out,

But I gave her a chance by becoming a "rover,"

When I saw the vex'd beauty beginning to pout.

Oh, fatal mistake! How it grieves me to tell it!

I thought my poor heart with vexation would burst,

When she sent my ball spinning away with her mallet,

Then passed through her wickets and hit the stake first.

In vain for another encounter I pleaded—

With victory flushed, in a voice full of glee,

She said, "All your vows and your prayers are unheeded—

The wife of a 'rover' I never will be!"

The time is long past, but a sad spell comes o'er me,

And back to the old spot my thoughts fly away,

And a scene on the emerald lawn flits before me,

When I think of the heart that I lost at croquet.

And now let me say to all jubilant lovers:

When playing with Cupid be fully awake—

With the game in your hand 'tis unwise to be rovers—

If you wish to be certain, go straight for your stake.

F. S.

MR. ALBERT GRANT proposes to enter on a new career. He passed the preliminary examination for the Bar last week, and on Saturday applied to be admitted as a student of Gray's Inn. If he conducts every case as well as he does his own, there will not be his equal, bar none.

WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN?

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of a college life. But from tables of the mortality of an university collected from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the last ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class of inferior scholarship. Everyone who has seen the curriculum knows that where *Æschylus* and political economy injure one, late hours and rum punch use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers are heavier than the loins of *Euclid*. Dissipation is a sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower, exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named Legion. A few hours sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashes," make war upon every function of the body. The brain, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh, every part and faculty are overtaxed and weakened by the terrific energy of passion loosened from restraint, until like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous debt. Fast young men, rightabout.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS ORANGE TREE.

THE Paris obituary contains the death of a famous orange tree in its 455th year, known under the name of Grand Bourbon or Grand Connétable. In the year 1421 the Queen of Navarre gave her gardener the seed at Pampeluna. Thence sprang the plant, which was subsequently transported to Chantilly.

In 1832, however, the Constable of Bourbon (Lord of Chantilly) having sided with Charles V. against Francis I., his goods were confiscated, and along with them the orange tree, which was duly sent to Fontainebleau, whence in 1884 Louis XIV. transferred it to Versailles, where it remained the largest, finest, and most fertile member of the orangery, its head being fifteen metres round, and the trunk seven metres high.

THE HORSE AND THE DOG.

To what extent the horse may be endowed with any power of reasoning may be a question; but the intelligence that he sometimes exhibits is certainly more than instinct.

Some months ago a poor dog, having been pelted with sticks and stones by cruel boys until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable.

In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse, which seemed touched by the distress of the dog. He bent his head and inspected the broken leg; with his fore foot pushed some straw into a corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog. One day, when the horse was eating the bran mash which formed part of his food, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough.

For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore feet, showing the utmost carefulness. Such humanity might well be emulated by the human race.

A PLEA FOR THE LARKS.—"A Lover of British Birds" writes to protest against the exhibition of larks as an article of food in poulterers' shops. He says, "I don't suppose any legislation will stop the wholesale destruction of these national songsters, but I trust that the national sentiment, if there is any sentiment left in modern society, will be aroused and expressed against such a use of British singing birds. I may remind those who would like to shame these vulgar eaters of Heaven's messengers that the Emperor Heliogabalus was especially partial to the brains of singing birds, and I may suggest that they should restrict themselves to the brains also of larks, as it must be that portion of the bird they most require."

THE laws of politeness should be observed not only between intimate friends, but between members of the same family, and those households are most peaceful and happy where the courtesies of good society are observed.

MR. H. J. BYRON has a comic drama on the stocks, which will be launched next week at the Opera Comique; Miss Marie Litton, from the Court, is to be "the bright particular star." It is entitled "Old Pal."



[PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.]

CLYTIE CRANBOURNE;

—OR—
BUILT UPON SAND.

By the Author of "The Earl's Crime," "A Fight for a Peerage," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT THE MARQUIS OVERHEARS.

CAROLINE BURLINGTON had returned to Denborough Castle from London without the earl having noticed her absence.

Being confined to his room, and attended by a paid nurse and the physician, the sick peer could even have dispensed with the visit with which his son Edward Cranbourne during the day paid him.

His thoughts were evidently bent upon some definite object; he was living in spite of disease and age, it would seem, to accomplish it, and he tried to husband his strength and energies for that one purpose.

The next morning his niece came into his room with a frozen smile on her soured face, and began to congratulate him on his improved strength and good looks.

"Yes, I shall be about again in a day or two," was the calm reply; and then he appeared to take little notice of her efforts to amuse and interest him, but leaned back on his pillows, glancing out through the half-drawn blinds at the moving, restless sea beyond.

So before long the lady of the castle went away, leaving the sick man to his own musings, while she sent a message to Edward Cranbourne to the effect that she wished to speak with him.

"Well," asked the gentleman, as he threw himself into a comfortable chair before a cheerful fire in her boudoir, "you have been to town, what do you think of her?"

"What you expected I should; she defied me."

"Of course she did. I should have done the same had I been her. She has the cards in her own hands, if she only has the patience to wait to play them."

"That is my only chance. She thought I came

from your father to bring her here, and she would have come with me; but I was not prepared—I shall be shortly, then she may come. Would you like to know what I purpose doing?"

"No," was the decided reply. "Where ignorance is bliss—you know the rest. I have no desire to be wise; indeed, the less I know about your plots and plans the better for both of us. If you succeed the credit is yours. If you fail—well, you do fail."

"Yes, and in either case you evade all risk and reap the benefit," sneered the lady.

"My dear Cara, I wonder if you ever will give up that disagreeable habit of yours; bitter words and sneering speeches offend friends and provoke enemies. Therefore, if you would be wise learn to avoid them."

"I should be almost as great a hypocrite as yourself," interrupted his cousin, passionately.

"Do you imagine calling me names serves your purpose, Cara? If so, pray continue the practice, though I can't say I appreciate it."

"And I am to risk my position, and, perhaps, my fame and fortune, for you, am I?" asked the woman, becoming more than usually excited.

"You are a great idiot, if you do," was the unflinching response. "Your wisest plan is to let well or ill, whichever it may be, alone; things will take their own course. As for saying, however, that anything you propose doing is for me, don't deceive yourself, or attempt to deceive me any longer upon that point. It is for yourself, not for me, that you are plotting and planning, remember that. If you work against Clytie, it is because you hate her as her mother's daughter; and if you strive for me to succeed to the peerage, it is that you may share it with me. Your own proposal, you know, though it is not less year. Now we understand each other, you may play at conspiracy as much as you please. I suppose you won't ride this morning?"

With a violent effort, Miss Burlington stifled or smothered her furious anger sufficiently to say:

"No, I am too tired. I was travelling all night." Then she added, as a kind of afterthought: "How long do you remain at the castle?"

"I return to town to-morrow, if my father is out of danger," was the reply. "It is gloomy enough here, Heaven knows; besides, the House is sitting and my constituents are grumbling at the small attention I pay to their whims; one of the drawbacks of being an M.P."

"We shall meet at dinner," observed the lady, as her cousin strolled out of the room, assuming an

indifference which he was some degrees from feeling.

"I must bear all the risk," muttered Caroline Burlington, savagely, when she was alone; "if I did not hate her," she went on, "I would see Edward Cranbourne roasted before I would hold out a hand to save him; but he is right so far, it is for myself, not for him, that I am working, and I have thought out a plan which will, I believe, defy detection."

Half an hour afterwards two women might have been seen walking side by side in Denborough Park, talking earnestly, and anyone acquainted with the inmates of the castle would at once have recognised Miss Burlington and her maid, Phoebe Crabtree.

So absorbed were they in their conversation that they did not notice as they sat down on a felled tree, that, leaning against the trunk of a mighty oak that stood not half-a-dozen yards from them, was a man whom no one could have mistaken for one of the keepers or workmen on the estate.

Miss Burlington, had she seen him, might have recognised her companion in the railway carriage and new admirer, the Marquis de Santé, and he, had he been recognised, would have pleaded his ardent passion as a reason for his intrusion.

His feelings, however, were not of so warm a character as to necessitate their being revealed unless circumstances rendered it necessary, and he stood motionless, while the two women, believing themselves to be alone, continued their conversation.

"You are sure your brother is to be relied upon?" asked the lady.

"Quite, miss, particularly if the price is a high one."

"And he won't be bought over to the other side, you think?"

"Not likely," was the assured reply. "First of all he knows you've got most money, and next, if he gives his word he'd keep it, even if 'twas to hang a body or drown them."

"As to having more money than I, you know words and promises cost nothing. She may say she is the heiress and mistress here one day, if he believes that, she may bribe him with anything."

"Oh, I'll prepare him against that. I'll tell him her brother is living, and her chances aren't worth much. Jonah and his wife will take care of her long enough, I can tell you, miss, while she's paid for."

The listener had no difficulty in ascertaining who it was that was thus to be carried off and taken care of.

His one anxiety was to know the time when the attempt was to be made, and the manner in which the outrage was to take place, then he could arrange his own measures to prevent or reap the advantage from it.

"What luck it was that brought me here," he thought, as he listened eagerly to the conversation of the two women, taking care to keep well hidden from their sight by the enormous tree against which he was leaning.

"We can do nothing for a week or ten days," he heard the lady say; "but bring your brother here to-morrow night at nine o'clock, so that I can make terms with him. The very walls in the castle have ears, so don't talk to me about it there. Remember, to-morrow evening at this spot at nine o'clock."

"Yes, thank you, and I will be here also," muttered the Frenchman, "though it interferes with my return to town to-morrow. I wonder if my friend Edward knows about it."

Little dreaming their conversation had been listened to, the two women returned to the castle, while the marquis, as soon as he found it safe to do so without being observed, went back to Newcastle.

The next evening, half an hour before the appointed time, the Frenchman was again at the same spot, but this time he got into the aperture formed by the partial decay of one of the old trees which were here so abundant.

He had brought a book with him also, as though he was reading, in case he was observed or discovered, in which case he would have had no hesitation in saying he was waiting about in the hopes of meeting Miss Burlington.

Surely the lady herself could not be so suspicious at that plea, therefore, he might very well consider himself safe.

Night had fallen upon the scene when Caroline Burlington, attended by Phoebe Crabtree, came to the appointed spot.

They were half an hour after their time, but they were alone, and the Frenchman gathered from their conversation that a mistake had been made in the transmission of the message, and the man expected understood that he was to be there between nine and ten.

Just as their patience was exhausted, however, he came.

A man, as far as could be seen in that uncertain light, of middle height, rather stout, dressed as a skipper of a collier, and speaking with a decided north country dialect.

The business upon which he had come had been previously explained to him, it was now only the question of detail and terms.

"You understand, the girl will be brought to the riverside, and taken on board quietly; she will believe that she is coming to the castle by water, or that she is crossing the river; that will be the best. In that case you will have to decoy her into the cabin, then you will go to sea, and make for your own home, where your wife will receive and take care of her. When you have her there you will let me know."

"Yes, miss," was the reply.

"And what am I to pay you?" was the next question.

The man was silent, he was afraid of not asking enough.

"Suppose I give you a hundred pounds now, and another hundred when you bring or send me word that the girl is safe, and that I pay you at the rate of two hundred a year while you keep her, will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," said the man, reluctantly, "though it's very risky, my lady."

"I don't see how it can be," was the impatient retort. "The girl is brought to the waterside for you, she goes on the boat or vessel willingly, you have just to keep her quiet till you get out to sea, and Phoebe here will go with you to manage her. I shall not be far off myself; what is it you want?"

"Well, my lady, if you was to make it three hundred, and three hundred a year, it wouldn't be more than it's worth."

"I don't haggle about terms," replied Miss Burlington, haughtily. "It shall be three hundred for the work, and three hundred a year afterwards. Here is one hundred, it is all I have with me, the other two you shall have when you have carried out your part of the bargain. Now, when shall you be ready to attempt it?"

"Not this week, miss, better leave it till next if you can, the end of next week I should say; my boat's out of repair, and my wife would like a little time to make the house safe, and get it ready for the young person, for she's to be kept under lock and key, isn't she?"

"Yes. The end of next week, you think. Well, suppose we say Saturday week, she will not be missed

on Sunday, and when her absence is discovered, all trace will be lost."

"I'll be ready by that time, my lady. Phoebe is to go with us, you say. She'll know how to manage her."

So the money was transferred, a bag of gold full of sovereigns, which Phoebe had carried, was handed over to her brother, and then the worthy trio parted. Nearly half an hour after the Frenchman got out of his hiding place, and shook himself for his limbs were cramped.

"On Saturday week," he muttered, "it is Thursday now, seven, eight days. Not much time to do it in, but I must outwit them."

An hour after, and he was on his way to London. It was to be a busy week for the Marquis De Santé, the fact he was to spend in the metropolis for many a month to come; who, indeed, could say that he would ever visit it again!

CHAPTER XIII.

"AM I APPOINTED TO MISS CRANBOURNE?"

Newcastle railway station 5 a.m. early in April, the rain coming down in torrents, with the dense darkness that presides down still hanging like a pall over the land; the gas lamps few and far between, for, in addition to all other reasons for darkness and neglect, it is Sunday morning, and only persons whose business urgently requires them to travel would do so at this uncomfortable hour.

Early, cold, and miserable as it is, there are two distinct groups of persons waiting the arrival of the train.

A man and woman; the latter thin and tall, with a peculiarly disagreeable expression of countenance, well-dressed, as a kind of upper servant, was peering up and down the platform, trying to keep herself warm, and making occasional observations to her companion, who had far more the appearance of a sailor than a gentleman's servant, as his dress would seem to indicate.

The other party, having no connection with them, and yet seeming to eye them curiously, consisted of a woman and two men, the former being the very model of a motherly, ladylike housekeeper, in her rich black silk, Paisley shawl, and large unfashionable bonnet.

As for the two men with her, they looked very much like what they were.

One a thorough man-servant, with his plain dress and cockade in his hat, the other, an unskilful imitation of him, dressed in the same manner, but without the trifle more of the gentleman, and decidedly more of the foreigner about him.

One advantage the party of three had over the couple that they passed on the platform, they knew their prey by sight, and also their enemies, while the others had only received a description of the former, and were also unconscious that they were even known, still less that they were watched.

"You think you can play your part well, and that she will not recognise you, Iona?" asked the foreign-looking man-servant, of the woman with him.

"No fear of me. I wasn't on the stage five years for nothing; I defy my own husband to know me if I liked to try it on; and this girl only saw me for a few minutes; how late the train is!"

"Yes; but here it comes. I shall keep in the background, remember your part, and John, keep close to them."

The other man nodded his head, and then looked on vaguely enough, as the long string of carriages rolled into the station.

For one moment there was consternation in the ranks of the enemy.

There was no solitary lady travelling alone. True, there were two girls, who seemed to look about them in an anxious manner, as though expecting to be recognised.

And then, after a whispered word with the foreign-looking servant, Iona Curtis—for she it was disguised—stepped forward, and addressing Psyche Clubfoot, as though she took her for the person she had come to meet, asked:

"Am I speaking to Miss Cranbourne?"

"No, she is here," was the reply, indicating Clytie.

"I am sent from the earl, to bring you to the castle, miss; have you any luggage?"

"Only our bags," replied the young lady; "the man can carry them."

"Yes, of course, the carriage is outside; let me help you, miss; this way, if you please."

And so saying, the woman led the way, taking one of the girls' shawls on her arm, the servant, whom she called John, following with the rest of the luggage; while the one who looked like a foreigner had gone out, pulled on a coachman's overcoat,

mounted the box, taken the reins from an ostler who held them, and waited, as though he had sat there all night, until the party, consisting of the two girls, the supposed housekeeper—Iona Curtis—and his own valet—for of course you have recognised the marquis—had come out to the carriage.

The ladies had taken their places; Iona was seated opposite them, with her back to the horses. John was about to step up by the side of his master, when the latter handed him something, which without question was at once handed over as a matter of course, as though it were something belonging to her, to Mrs. Curtis; then the man jumped up on the box, by the side of his master, and the spirited pair of horses dashed off at a rattling pace.

As for the couple left behind, the lady they had expected had evidently not come.

They looked into every carriage, and even questioned the guards; but no one could tell them nothing.

He had not had a solitary day travelling alone during the whole journey, as he remembered; only the two who had just got out of the train. But of course, they could not either of them be the one they sought for, they had gone off with people who were expecting them. And at length feeling that further waiting was useless, Phoebe and her brother went away, one to return to his sleep, the other to her post at Denborough Castle, there to report to the present mistress of it the ill success of her mission.

"You are sure you have not missed her?" asked Caroline Burlington, incredulously. "If she comes here, and sees my uncle after the telegram I sent her, all is lost."

But Clytie Cranbourne did not come to Denborough Castle, or disturb the peace of the inmates of it, except with anxiety as to her fate.

At the time she might have been expected to arrive there, she was lying in a state of unconsciousness in the luxuriously appointed cabin of a large beautifully built yacht.

The trifle handed from the coachman to John, and by him to Iona, was a small bottle of chloroform, which, when the carriage pulled up at a given signal, she had dexterously applied to both of the girls.

Clytie first, as being the most suspicious and valuable, and before Psyche, who had fallen asleep, could understand what it all meant, she too had a handkerchief pressed over her mouth and nose, and felt as though the numbness of death were cast upon her.

In this condition they were carried on board the yacht, which had been hired, professing for a cruise by the marquis for the occasion.

I fear Iona would very gladly have left Psyche in the carriage to be driven back to the railway station by John, who was to accompany them, or have allowed her to be quietly dropped in the water, had not her employer very positively objected to such irregular proceedings.

The girl was in the way undoubtedly; she had risked the success of the whole plot by her presence, but it was more dangerous to get rid of her than to take her with them, and therefore the latter of the two evils must be accepted.

So Clytie Cranbourne and Psyche Clubfoot were taken on board the yacht, and before they were conscious of what had happened the graceful yacht with her sails all set, was flying before the wind southward.

Meanwhile John had driven the carriage back to the livery stables from which it was hired, and had started on his return journey to London, there to amuse himself as well as he could until his master should come back to town and again require his services.

Caroline Burlington was puzzled and did not know what to do.

It was very probable that Clytie was out when the telegram arrived, consequently could not catch the 8-40 train as directed, and might come on at any hour in the morning.

So Phoebe and her brother were sent off to meet succeeding trains, all with the same result; no line or message reached the castle, neither did the possible heiress, and Miss Burlington became nearly ill with worry and excitement, when the telegram from James Clubfoot to his sister, asking the reason she had not written, was brought to her.

Without scruple she opened and read the message, but sent no answer, the telegram to Clytie shared the same fate, but here Caroline Burlington's good fortune seemed to desert her, the next telegram, the one addressed to the earl, was taken to the peer, and answered by him without her receiving even a hint of it, and while she was wondering what had become of the two girls who had evidently started in obedience to her message for the castle, and also perplexed as to what she could do or say about them,

Lord Clive, Clubfoot, and Sir Wilberforce Waterloo were on their way to add to her anxiety.

She could truly say she did not know what had become of her niece, but who would believe her?

The telegram which had deceived Clytie away could be traced to her as having sent it, and those who knew this not unreasonably supposed that having gone thus far she would hesitate at nothing to accomplish her diabolical purpose.

Thus they reasoned, and yet, despite the mystery, they were cheered by the assurance that the two girls were together and thus could encourage and take care of each other.

Meanwhile, the Peri, a splendid yacht of some hundred and twenty tons burden, was flying like an almighty bird, every stitch of sail set before the north wind.

Six men besides the captain formed the crew, and they had not been absent many hours before the Frenchman found they were short of hands and wished he had not been so much afraid, not of expense, but of getting men on board who should in any way take sides with his captive.

He was by no means a good sailor himself and would never have thought of taking Clytie away to sea, had there been any other safe means of conveying her.

But on roads and railways they might be tracked, and followed, while the sea left no trace behind, but closed up as the vessel cut its way through the swelling waters, telling no tales of the aching hearts that were carried over it.

Sea-sickness is most unromantic, I know, but it has to be endured by many who trust themselves to the tender mercies of father Neptune, and the chloroform may have helped it, but Clytie and Psyche were perfectly ill with the rolling and tossing about which they experienced.

Their captor, the Frenchman, also was quite as bad, indeed the only person besides the crew of the yacht who was perfectly indifferent to the motion of the vessel was Iona Curtis.

"Where am I? What is the meaning of our being here?" Clytie had asked as soon as she was conscious of being on the sea, and Iona, who was near, came forward; for it was now broad daylight, and remarked coolly.

"You don't recognise me, I suppose, Clytie?"

The girl looked at her as steadily as she could through the lurching of the ship, and then replied: "Recognise you! No; you came from my grandfather the earl to meet me; who are you?"

"Come from the earl to meet you! Hah! hah! that was very cleverly done; the earl never saw me in his life, doesn't want to, I expect, but you've seen me before and not been polite, either. I am your mother's sister, Clytie Craubourne; now do you remember me?"

"Oh, you are the person who came to me some time ago, I think I remember your face now; but why have you brought me here, and whose vessel is this? I don't understand it."

"Don't you; well, there's no hurry; you'll understand it soon enough, we've plenty of time before us. I'm your mother's sister and your nearest relation, and you're on board a yacht belonging to a friend of mine, the Marquis de Saint. As your nearest relative he's asked my permission to marry you, and I've given it, so you can think the matter over till you're better from your sea sickness. Anything you want you've only to ask for; you'll drink champagne or brandy if you'll take my advice."

But Clytie made no reply; the motion of the vessel made her feel as though life or death were equally indifferent to her, and she could only ask faintly enough:

"Psyche, how are you?"

A voice from the ground, it seemed, though really from the berth under her, replied:

"Ready to die."

At which Iona Curtis, who was as comfortable as though she had been on land, laughed, though she was rather provoked to find that the horror and terrors of their situation were perfectly lost upon the two girls while suffering physically as they were.

"Ah, you'll be better in a day or two," she observed carelessly, "though," she added under her breath, "I doubt if you'll like it better than you do now," and so saying she went off to see how Jam was getting on, for he also was on board, having insisted upon joining the party, though he was pretty plainly told that he was not wanted.

"You set me to catch the bird and then you'll cook and eat it," he observed suspiciously when told he could do no good with them and had better remain at home.

"Nothing of the kind, you'll have your share, and there is nothing for you to do if you go with us," replied Iona crossly.

"Anyway, I'm going too," was the dogged retort; "you don't think I'm going to let Ben's wife

go off with a sneaking Frenchman, do you, and not look after her; not if I know it! Ben or me goes, or there'll be a row in the house, my lady!"

Iona laughed, she was amused at the idea of Jim going to take care of her, and she looked in her glass complacently, observing that some of her former beauty still clung to her.

Of course Jam gained his point and sailed in the Peri on her unlucky voyage, but whether he was there as a friend or foe to the two helpless girls, he could himself scarcely have told you.

He did not forget Totti, if that can be any clue as to the state of his feelings, and more than once he wished himself safely in Mrs. Clubfoot's kitchen by the little woman's side, instead of being tossed about in the yacht like a cork on the surface of the water.

But poor Jam's troubles were only just beginning! The same might almost be said of the rest of his companions in the graceful Peri.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THEN YOU WENT ALONE."

SIR WILBERFORCE WATERLOO was a detective, not by profession, but inclination. From boyhood it had been his delight to ferret out, and bring to justice, the authors of crimes; be the shortcomings of which they were guilty great or small.

There is no accounting for taste, and every man must have his own particular hobby horse to ride through life; though it is not everyone who works the unfortunate hack or drives it at such a pace as did the Earl of Denborough's old friend, the present baronet.

Many a dark and tangled skein had he managed to unravel in his time, and the earl, who was some years older than his friend's thought of him at once, and telegraphed off to ask his assistance as soon as he became aware of the plots and schemes of which he was the centre.

"I don't know anyone who can help me as you can," said the latter which followed the request that if possible Sir Wilberforce would come to Denborough Castle, and the baronet, who seemed to scent the battle from afar, ordered his portmanteau to be packed and started at once to comply with the request.

On the platform he had recognised Lord Clive, who, however, did not know him, and had, with the habit in him of picking up every thread and straw that might in any way tend to the result he was aiming at, managed to get a seat in the same railway carriage, and travel with him.

James Clubfoot's presence puzzled the old gentleman, he and Clive were evidently going on the same errand, and yet he was sure they were not friendly to each other, at any rate, there was enmity on one side even if there was nothing stronger than indifference and dislike on the other, and he determined to watch them.

The result of his observation was, that Clubfoot was intent upon taking the young noblemen's life.

Once, he was sure he could not be mistaken, the would-be murderer had grasped a stick and with a light in his eyes there could be no misreading, seemed as though he would spring upon his prey, when the baronet, ready to raise an alarm, half rose to his feet and gave unmistakable signs of being awake.

Clubfoot was baffled that time, but Clive could not always have a guard with him, and Sir Wilberforce hoping to open his eyes to the truth, managed to hint that it would be as well not to go anywhere with the artist alone, since he looked as though his brain were affected and he could not control himself.

But Clive, careless and too brave himself to take a mean advantage of an enemy, passed to the subject over carelessly, observing that the young artist had always been like it since he had known him, and that any extra restlessness and excitement now might very reasonably be attributed to the loss of his sister.

"He does not think you have carried her off, does he?" asked the little man, curiously.

"I! What an idea!" was the reply. "I haven't talked to the girl half-a-dozen times in my life, besides, he must know that my motive in going to his house was to see my cousin Clytie."

"Do you think he admired your cousin?" was the next inquisitive question.

"He!" was the contemptuous response; then he added more calmly. "Of course he could not help admiring her, but anything beyond that, it would be an insult to her to imagine."

"She might not have encouraged him, you know," observed the small tormentor.

"I should never suppose that she had."

"But he might have entertained some wild notion about her for all that, and thought you were going to

rob him of her. There is no saying what wild ideas a fellow like that may get in his brain. I wish I could impress upon you the necessity of caution with him, he will do you some mischief if it is in his power; I see from the cases I have named, then from some other that I am ignorant of he is your mortal enemy."

Clive was not impressed, however. He laughed at most scornfully at the idea of having anything to fear from Clubfoot, even while he felt irritated at the mere suspicion that he could presume to lift his eyes in anything but the most distant admiration to Clytie.

Besides even to a contest of strength, Clubfoot was not a match for him; taller, stronger and more muscular than the artist, he had also the advantage of severe physical training so much so, that he could have taken up his weaker rival on his shoulders and walked off with him.

This being the case, what had he to fear, and yet the baronet's questions had left a disagreeable impression behind them. "Was it possible that James Clubfoot loved Clytie, and more than that did she know it?"

It is unpleasant to know or believe you have a rival even though you may affect to despise him, and Lord Clive heartily wished that Clubfoot had been in heaven, or anywhere not quite so comfortable, sooner than insist, as indeed, it could not be denied he had, the right, on taking his share in the search for Clytie and his sister.

But it was useless quarrelling about who should or should not look for the girls, the first object was to find them, and to attain this, deemed a much more difficult thing than they at first imagined.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

THE PREPARATION OF SALICYLIC ACID.

CAHOURS obtained salicylic acid in 1844, from methyl-salicylate, or oil of wintergreen. Professors Kolbe and Lautermann in 1860 brought out their method of obtaining the acid from carbolic acid; but it was not until within the last year that Kolbe discovered its peculiar preserving and disinfecting properties.

The manner of obtaining the acid from carbolic acid is as follows:

The saturating capacity of a carbolic and also that of a soda lye is determined, and both are then mixed according to equivalent, so as to form sodic carbolate. The solution thus obtained is carefully evaporated to dryness, taking care that the dry mass sticking to the bottom of the vessel is constantly removed by scraping, and that the mass itself is also constantly crushed, with a pestle or other tool, to facilitate its drying out, until at length the carbolate remains as a perfectly dry powder of a rose-red tint.

Excess of carbolic acid gives always an inferior dark-looking residue, which, when it undergoes the final process of treatment with carbonic acid gas, gives far less salicylic acid than is in accordance with the amount of carbolic calculated in the process. The dry carbolate is then either put into the retorts at once, or it may be kept for further treatment by putting it, while hot, into vessels which may be hermetically sealed. The fact that sodic carbolate is very hygroscopic explains the necessity of this manipulation.

After the carbolate is put into the retorts, the contents are slowly heated to 212deg. Fah., and when this temperature is reached, a slow current of perfectly dry carbolic acid gas is allowed to enter the retort. The temperature is then slowly increased to 356deg. Fah., and may, towards the end of the operation, reach to 428deg. or 488deg. Fah.

About an hour after the beginning of the operation, carbolic acid will begin to distil, and the process may be considered finished, if, at the latter mentioned temperature, no more carbolic acid distils. It will be found that the distilled carbolic acid amounts to just one half of the original quantity employed. The residue in the retort is basic salicylate of soda, which is dissolved, and which, on acidifying with an acid, yields a brownish-coloured crystalline precipitate of salicylic acid.

USING DRY DYNAMITE ON THE FARM.—Dynamite consists of an explosive material, more efficient than powder or nitro-glycerine. Some dynamite was employed to raise stumps from their position and hold in the earth. A quantity of earth was removed

from the side of the stump and a hole driven below the stump with a crowbar. Into this hole a cartridge of dynamite was pressed by means of a wooden ramrod, then a detonating percussion cap, with a Blackford's fuse attached, was squeezed into a small cartridge of primer or dynamite and inserted into the hole in contact with the charge. The hole was filled up with loose earth, about a foot length being left bare. A match was next applied to the fuse, and a sufficient time was taken for the powder to reach the percussion cap, to allow the operatives to retire to a safe distance. When the explosion occurred the stump was literally blown out of the ground, some of the fragments, weighing nearly twenty pounds, being thrown a distance of over 100 yards. The destruction of the stump was complete. In breaking up big boulder stones, the dynamite was simply placed on top of the stone covered with wet sand, and fixed with the fuse in the ordinary way. The result was the reduction of the boulders to fragments the size of a walnut. It was effectually proved by the experiments that land can be speedily cleared of formidable obstructions to good cultivation by the use of dynamite. The committee who watched the operations expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the results.

CONCRETE FOR FLOORS AND WALKS.—After the ground on which the floor or walk is intended to be made is leveled, let it be covered to the thickness of 3 in. or 4 in. with stones broken small, and well rammed; upon which let there be run, about 1 1/2 in. above the stones, one part, by measure, of Portland cement, and two of coarse sand fine gravel mixed to a thin consistency with water. Before this coating has become thoroughly dry, lay upon it a coat of Portland cement mixed with an equal part of fine sand, and 1/2 in. thick. The addition of blood will render this compost harder. Concrete for weak foundations, and for the bottoms of cattle-boxes and manure pits, when not sufficiently stiff and sound to be impervious to water, may be made as follows: Newly burned lime ground to a fine powder, 2 parts; Portland cement, 1 part; gravel, broken stone or brick, 6 parts. Mix the above with water to a liquid consistency, and let it be thrown into its position from a height of 10 ft or 12 ft, and when partially set let it be well beaten or rammed to render it solid.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER XL.

Mrs. Biggs paused on her way to Sinda's room before the door of her son's chamber, stealthy and cat-like, with hushed breath, listening for some movement within. None was heard. She put her eyes to the keyhole, but only a blank darkness met her gaze.

"Ah, he's like me!" she thought. "He's cunning! He's playing off now, pretending to be asleep. But he means to get up after an hour or so and steal the jewels—it can't be possible as he's stolen them already? It can't be as he's got ahead of me, his own mother, as is as sharp as the next one!"

With a keen misgiving, she stole to Sinda's door. Here again she listened, and she detected a sound of faint breathing within.

"Both sleepin'!" she thought. "Then my way's clear. I'll jest get the jewels and hide 'em in my mattress, which was the way I ought to have done at once instead of taking Simon into my confidence, which he'd rob me as soon as eat, he would!"

She peeped through the keyhole. A candle was burning dimly within. She tried the door softly. It was locked.

"I've got my other key to this lock," she said to herself, producing it. "And I put a mat jest the other side of the door, which it's lucky for me, now if I have to push the key inside. And I've a bit of iron wire as I can turn this key if so be it won't push out!"

As stealthily as a cat, feeling herself between two perils, Sinda and the Hindoo on one hand, and her son upon the other, the woman gently pushed her key into the keyhole.

The key already occupying the space gave way before it, and presently dropped upon the floor within, the sound of its fall deadened by the mat that was just beneath it.

Yet faint as was the sound, Mrs. Biggs heard it distinctly and crouched in the darkness, fearing that others might have heard it also, but the midnight stillness remained unbroken by sounds hostile to her purpose, and she presently resumed her task with an increased courage, turning the key and shooting back the bolt.

A moment later she softly opened the door and peered into the chamber.

The candle was burning dimly in a far corner, its wick long and black and topping over into a guttering pool of grease; the bed was in the shadow, but the woman's keen glance detected an occupant therein.

She peered around her with straining vision, and beheld old Falla stretched upon three rude chairs quite near the bed, and apparently sound asleep. Her deep and regular breathing was reassuring to the midnight prowler.

Mrs. Biggs paused near the door for a brief period to decide upon a plan of operations.

The key to the trunk in which the jewels had been deposited, was in the Hindoo's pocket, as Mrs. Biggs was aware, and old Falla had lain down fully dressed.

The first measure was to possess herself of the key.

Mrs. Biggs softly locked the door on its inner side, to secure herself against intrusion, and then crept stealthily to the side of the sleeping Hindoo.

The movements of the intruder were precisely like those of a burglar and a thief, and yet she had persuaded herself that Sinda's possessions were rightfully her own, and that she was but taking that which belonged to her, but which had been wrongfully withheld from her.

It was a delicate operation she had in hand, and the most delicate portion of it was the procurement of the key from Falla's person. Mrs. Biggs hated and feared the Hindoo.

She believed her half a witch, and, moreover, since the mutiny in India, she had a firm conviction that every native East Indian was treacherous and cruel, a dealer in, and disseminator of, poisons, a follower of Thug-like practices—as, in short, a deadly being worse than any wild beast of Indian jungles.

Therefore she approached old Falla with fear and trembling.

Only her great greed and avarice, now aroused to supernatural activity, added to her love of ease and luxury, which seemed upon the point of gratification, could have nerved her to the task in hand.

She crept nearer, nearer. Her red, stumpy hand clutched the folds of Falla's gown, but the Hindoo did not stir.

Mrs. Biggs fixed her bleary eyes upon the bronzed face.

How calm it was; how strange, how Sphinx-like.

The eyes were closed, and the deep and regular breathing spoke of fatigue.

Mrs. Biggs took courage and groped for Falla's pocket.

It was in that side of the gown that lay uppermost, and Mrs. Biggs's hand crept into it, and gently drew forth a steel ring laden with keys.

Drawing a long breath of relief, the prowler hurried to the trunk and opened it.

She searched compartment after compartment, noting with a sudden alarm that the contents of the box were in a disturbed condition, as if some careless hand had recently passed over them.

"Can Simon have been here already?" she asked herself, with a little gasp of terror. "That heathen keeps these boxes spick and span. There has been a dirty hand on them lately. Simon's been ahead of me, I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

In a gathering panic, she searched every corner of the trunk; but the bag and casket of jewels she sought was not there.

"Gone!" she whispered, hollowly. "Gone! Has Simon got 'em? Or has that heathen put them into another box, which I believe she has, sneaking creature!"

She hastened to examine the remaining boxes. No jewels were to be found.

Mrs. Biggs's suspicion that her son had stolen the gems was now become a positive conviction. She could have raved and torn her hair but for her terror of the Hindoo woman.

A faint hope came to her that old Falla might have concealed the precious trinkets in the bed or upon her person, and suddenly penetrated her despair. Leaving the boxes in disorder, she approached the bedside and groped under the pillows and mattress.

She was engaged in this search, when suddenly Sinda awakened, and her wild and startled gaze at the intruder made Mrs. Biggs recoil involuntarily.

As Sinda recognised the intruder and comprehended the fact of the intrusion, she uttered a quick, sharp, ringing cry that brought old Falla to her feet.

Mrs. Biggs half crouched by the bedside, the picture of guilt and terror. In the flare of the

guttering light her coarse and flabby visage had a strangely sinister expression. Sinda, in her white, lace-frilled gown, her long, golden billows of hair flowing over her shoulders, was pale, wild-eyed, and frightened, having a vague conviction that she had narrowly escaped some great peril. The Hindoo woman had not laid aside her day-garments, and her Madras turban still adorned her head, and her dusky eyes stared from beneath it at the midnight visitor in mingled scorn and hatred.

"What do you want here—and at this hour?" demanded Sinda, finding her voice, and speaking with an unconscious haughtiness that aroused the antagonism of Mrs. Biggs.

"And what is to prevent me from visiting my own datter's room at any hour I please?" demanded Mrs. Biggs, recovering her courage and self-possession as she remembered her rights as a parent. "This 'ere room belongs to me, and you belong to me, also—that's the law, miss, and no putting on airs to me."

"But what do you want here? The door was locked—"

"If I think I hear a burglar," said Mrs. Biggs, excitedly, "and if I comes up and finds your door unlocked, I nat'rally s'poses that some thief is inside stealing of your diamonds. And I sees as your trunks is all open and a been rummaged, so I comes and wakes you up—"

Old Falla interrupted Mrs. Biggs by an incredulous sneer. The Hindoo was not to be imposed upon by Mrs. Biggs's stories, however plausible they might sound.

"Look!" cried Mrs. Biggs, pointing with one short and stumpy forefinger towards the trunks. "See for yourself. Them's the way I found 'em."

Old Falla turned and gazed as directed, and a shriek escaped her lips. Her eyes fairly blazed as they beheld the confusion in which the trunks had been left by the marauder.

"You have done this—you!" cried the Hindoo, turning upon Mrs. Biggs in a fury. "You thief! you rascal!"

Sinda sprang out of the bed, thrusting her tiny feet into a pair of little red slippers, and ran to her trunks.

"See if the jewels have been stolen!" cried Mrs. Biggs, her audacity increasing with exercise. "I'm afraid a thief has got 'em—"

"If a thief has got 'em, you're the thief!" exclaimed the Hindoo, fiercely. "Wait, missy, let me look!"

"If I want the jewels, I can take 'em without stealing 'em," declared Mrs. Biggs. "They belong to me if they belong to Rhody, for she's under age. Search for 'em, Falla, and if you find 'em give 'em to me. I'll take charge on 'em hereafter. I wouldn't go through to night's scare agin for no money!"

"Yes, give them to her, Falla," said Sinda, her gentle tones and high-bred air contrasting singularly with the vulgar appearance and coarse voice of Mrs. Biggs. "If she wants them, they are hers!"

She spoke wearily, as if tired with the contest concerning the jewels, as indeed she was. Mrs. Biggs had harped so continually on this one theme that the girl was willing to relinquish the precious gift of the old Begum of Khalsar for the sake of peace.

She had no faith in the story of burglars having been in the house that night.

Her common sense told her that the story was false and foolish.

Besides, she had seen that look of guilt and terror on Mrs. Biggs's face, and knew that the woman had come there for the express purpose of possessing herself of the coveted gems.

Her soul was sick within her at the baseness and treachery of this woman, whom she believed to be her mother.

And even as she spoke, she was half convinced that Mrs. Biggs had taken possession of the trinkets, and that even now, they were secreted upon her person.

"She did not wake me up. I awakened of myself," the girl thought, rapidly. "And she was scared at my awakening and had the look of one detected in some crime. She has my jewels—well, let her keep them! They belong to her, I suppose, in law, but yet I could wish she had not taken them like a thief!"

Her conviction received further strength through the sudden look and exclamation of dismay from old Falla.

"They're gone!" the Hindoo exclaimed. "The jewels are gone!"

A thorough examination of the trunks showed Sinda that her precious store had indeed completely vanished.

"Gone!" gasped Mrs. Biggs, sinking upon the

nearest chair. "I'm outwitted! cheated out of a fortune! Gone! And I never even seen 'em. It's tough on me. But are you sure? Are you very sure? Search agin—search the hull room!"

She arose hurriedly and flew about the room, tearing the bed apart and exploring the mattresses with a vigour that threatened their destruction. She was frantic with her disappointment and rage. Her flabby red face grew purple, her eyes bloodshot. She insisted upon searching the person of the Hindoo woman, who submitted after many protests, and with an angry flash of the eyes, but the jewels were not found.

Sinda regarded the frenzy of Mrs. Biggs as assumed to cover the theft of her property. She believed the jewels to be concealed about Mrs. Biggs's person.

She had no respect for this woman, no affection, only a deep seated hatred and growing repugnance, and she paid no heed to her lamentations and outcries, quietly proceeding to dress herself.

By the time her toilet was completed, Mrs. Biggs's self imposed task had been concluded, and Mrs. Biggs had sunk down again upon a chair with a wild howl of despair.

"It's Simon!" cried the woman. "He got ahead o' me, after all, the onnatural, ongrateful son! He stole the jools!"

"Simon!" repeated Sinda, "Is he in this house?"

"Yes, he came to-night. And I told him about the jools!" wailed Mrs. Biggs. "And he's took 'em. Oh, I could kill him, that I could, cheerful. But I'll have 'em yet, I will!"

The sound of a heavy tread was heard in the passage without and some one shook the door of Sinda's room violently.

"It's Simon!" cried Mrs. Biggs.

Falla went to the door and opened it.

Simon Biggs stalked in, big, burly, and brutal, a ruffian-looking fellow, before whom Sinda started back in actual fear.

The light flared in its guttering pool of grease, and strange shadows filled the corners of the rooms.

The little group of women were all in the small circle of light, their faces thrown into strong relief by the red glare.

Simon Biggs looked at his mother, at the Hindoo woman, and his gaze then settled in a wondering stare upon Sinda.

The girl's high-bred beauty, her slim figure, her little head poised in unconscious haughtiness, the grace of her attitude, the lustre of her wide and startled eyes, the haughty sweetness of her countenance, all impressed him strangely. He regarded her for some moments in an amazed silence, and then, with a long breath, turned to his mother and demanded roughly:

"What's the row, old woman? What have you been howling about? What are you doing in here at this hour?"

"A pretty question from you, you vagabone!" cried Mrs. Biggs. "You robber—you thief!"

"Been takin' too much, hey?" inquired Mr. Simon Biggs. "Who is this—this young lady?"

"It's your own sister—Rhody," exclaimed Mrs. Biggs. "Your sister as we thought was killed in Injy, which she was stole by a Sepoy, and made a queen and had give to her lots of jools as 'll make my fortune and yours too, Simon, if it's all fair and square between us!"

"She my sister!" cried Simon Biggs, incredulously. "She!" and he pointed at Sinda. "That's a good un."

"It's true!" interrupted Mrs. Biggs, violently. "I can show you the proofs."

"She don't favour the Biggs family," remarked Simon, "nor yet the Bulpens, which was your family. Queer, how such an aristocrat strayed among such as we! How do, Rhody? Give us your slipper."

He extended his coarse, red hand, and Sinda, in fear and trembling, laid her little white hand in it.

His glance, wandering from her face, became fixed upon the rings adorning her slim fingers. Their sparkle and glow recalled to his mind her precious possessions, of which he had temporarily lost sight.

"Good thing for you, getting stole by a Sepoy," he muttered. "Them Hindoos made a lady of you. I wouldn't mind if I'd been out there and stolen too."

"Rhody was always made of different stuff from you!" declared Mrs. Biggs, half-angry half-contemptuously. "For all you think so little of the Bulpens, they're better blood than the Biggses, and Rhody is me all over. My family was always fair and had light hair. Slender when young, and stout and fat at forty, that's the Bulpens. Lor', I was slender as—well, not as Rhody—but as her friend, Lady Katharine Elliot, as is a lady, great and hand-

some and has a fortin', and 'll be a great heiress and make a big marriage, and 'll likely catch a duke at the least!"

"Who cares for Lady Katharine what's her name?" exclaimed Simon Biggs, his eyes taking in the disorder of the room, and a sudden apprehension seizing upon him. "What are you doing in here at this hour, as I asked you before? And what's the room all upset for?"

"As if you didn't know," ejaculated Mrs. Biggs. "Give me the jools, Simon, and I'll divide 'em, but they belong to me and not to you. I'm Rhody's mother and her property's mine."

"The jools!" repeated Simon Biggs. "What of 'em?"

"You've got 'em," exclaimed his mother.

"I? What do you mean?"

"You putend ignorance, hey? They're gone, Simon Biggs, the jools are gone, and you've stole 'em."

Simon Biggs recoiled a few paces, his face flaming, his eyes turning from one to another of the group. Then he forced a laugh.

"Come," he said, "that's a good un. The jools are here, ain't they?"

"You know they are not."

"Then I know that you have got them! I haven't been in here before to-night. You can't trick me, old woman. Half the shiners belong to me. Fork 'em over!"

Mrs. Biggs broke forth into loud lamentations and wrung her hands and accused her son of treachery and robbery.

Sinda sat apart, pale and calm, and old Falla stood behind her as a safe-guard and defence.

"What does all this mean?" asked the young man, turning to Sinda. "Where are the diamonds and things?"

"I don't know," answered the girl, looking at him with truthful eyes that compelled his belief in her simple word. "They were in the trunk. When I awakened a little while ago Mrs. Biggs was standing at my bedside. She has searched the room and failed to find them, but I believe," added the girl, bravely, "that they are either in her possession or in yours!"

"They are in hers!" cried Simon Biggs.

"They are in his!" declared his mother.

Then ensued a war of words that fairly appalled Sinda.

The mother and son nearly came to blows. They finally set out upon a renewed search of the room, and questioned the Hindoo and Sinda rigorously.

The replies of the latter were simple and straightforward.

It was impossible to doubt Sinda's word.

Mrs. Biggs and her son were adepts in duplicity, dishonest, and falsifiers, but neither of them could look in Sinda's honest eyes and haughty face and believe her capable of a falsehood.

Old Falla, too, met their questions promptly, showed the place in which the jewels had been kept, and exhibited a grief at their loss that gave them no ground for doubting her honesty and good faith.

Mrs. Biggs, therefore, settled into the conviction that her son had stolen the jewels, and he was loud in his accusations against her.

"Why don't you go below and settle it?" at length demanded the Hindoo, impatiently. "My missy tired out—"

"If I had the stones," said Sinda, wearily, "I would give them to you. I have not got them; I don't know where they are. Will you leave me to Falla?"

"I'm willing," said Simon Biggs; "but, first, you'd better let me take charge of your money. A young gal like you don't want a thousand pounds on her, a tempting robbers!"

"I gave the money to Mrs. Biggs," replied Sinda, quietly.

"To the old woman? Why, she told me—but never mind, I'll get my share out of her," said the young man. "Come, mother, let's be off!"

He seized upon Mrs. Biggs and hustled her unceremoniously out of the room.

Falla locked the door upon them.

The mother and son proceeded down the stairs to the living-room, and here another scene of violence was enacted.

Mrs. Biggs refused to give up even a portion of the thousand pounds she had received from Sinda, and begged for a moiety of the jewels which she believed was in her son's possession.

The quarrel between them became a fight, in which each fared alike.

They separated at last, each vowing vengeance upon the other.

"I'll be even with him!" thought Mrs. Biggs. "I'll get the jools if I put a policeman on his track!"

"I can wait!" Simon Biggs said to himself.

"Within a week I'll plunder the old woman and dig out of the country. But the gal—she's a pretty un. Not our kind at all. I ought to make a fortune out of her pretty face, and, by Jinks, I'll do it too!" he added excitedly. "There's the colonel—he'd take to her in a minute. I'll ask him around to see her. He's a regular gentleman, if he is my pal. He'll win the girl, and marry her, and I'll make money out of the speculation. The gal's a pretty speculation for me, and the colonel's just crazy for a pretty face. I'll fetch the colonel to-morrow!"

Meanwhile upstairs, poor Sinda, with her head against the faithful breast of her old Hindoo nurse, said sorrowfully:

"How shall I bear it, Falla? I do not like these people. I am afraid of them. My money and jewels are gone and I am dependent upon them. If my sense of duty did not keep me here, my poverty would not let me leave them. Oh, Falla, what shall I do?"

If her lot looked so dark to her how was she to bear the storm and gloom of her near future? the heavier trials in store for her?

If her brave young soul were already daunted by her hardships, how would it bear the deeper troubles, the sharper agonies, that should presently assail it?

CHAPTER XLI.

HAIGH LODGE was a small, detached cottage in Camberwell, set in a small garden enclosed on all sides by a high brick wall.

The cottage was situated, possessed a two-storied bay-window in front with French glass panes of large size, a pretty cluster of chimneys, and various ornamental features, and was altogether of an ambitious and pretentious character out of any proportion to its size and value.

A strip of green grass in front was ornamented with lilac bushes.

A strip of garden in the rear offered space to a tenant with horticultural tastes.

The place had been offered for rent, furnished, and Mrs. Biggs having seen an account of it at an estate-agent's, had visited it and fixed the desires of her longing soul upon its possession.

It was suited for the occupancy of a gentleman's family, and here Mrs. Biggs had determined to establish herself and begin life anew as a "lady."

Here she would dwell in idleness with servants to wait upon her, and dress in costly stuffs and wear jewels, and loiter in easy-chairs and drink fine wines, and indulge in all the fleshy appetites that formed the main portion of her being.

No desire for society had ever penetrated her soul.

She desired only to take her ease thenceforth, to sit still in utter idleness, or to drive in her carriage, to order about servants, to live in pretentious style, and Haigh Lodge fulfilled her highest ideas of splendour, and appeared the realisation of her wildest, fondest dreams.

The loss of Sinda's jewels threatened at first to balk her desires.

Throughout the remainder of that miserable night, after an actual fight with her brutal son, and after he had left her with threats and furious anger, Mrs. Biggs brooded over her troubles, and nearly relinquished her grand schemes for her future.

But she still had the thousand pounds belonging to Sinda in her possession.

That amount to her who had seldom possessed a guinea at a time appeared a magnificent fortune.

Then she was convinced that the lost jewels were in her son's possession, and she was determined to recover them, or at least a portion of them.

Hope revived within her, and long before day-break she had become herself again, had rearranged her plans, and had begun the rebuilding of the airy castles which the disappearance of the jewels had demolished.

She prepared a breakfast for her son, and he appeared at the usual hour to partake of it.

He was sullen and ugly in his looks, and his small eyes had a fierce and menacing expression whenever he glanced at her.

He consumed his meal in silence, and when he had finished, pushed his chair back from the table, and surveyed his mother with a bitter and furious anger.

"I'm willin' to share that plunder with you, old woman," he exclaimed, "but you must give me half. Half, I say!"

"And half, I say!" cried Mrs. Biggs, her small, cunning eyes flaming. "None of your playing off, Simon Biggs. You've got the shiners; as ever I should have lived to be cheated by my own son!"

"Stow that! Give me none o' your eye-water. The stuns, I say!"

"The coach, I say!" repeated Mrs. Biggs indignantly. "You'll repent this ere condony, mark my words, Simon Biggs! I'll have a Bobbys after you if you don't give up the job, as bein' to go through my sister, which is a minor!"

Simon Biggs arose in a rage, and pulled his chair against the opposite wall and dashed out of the dwelling, muttering threats and curses as he went.

Mrs. Biggs looked after him, half determined to follow him and ascertain his destination, but desisted, saying to herself:

"He won't dare to dispose of them all at once for fear of being took for a thief, which won't be the first time neither. He'd begin by selling the very smallest. My best plan is to keep friendly with him and get him to Haigh Lodge, along of us and search his room and track him, and I'll find the job. They're not like money, I'll keep 'em hid, and keep 'em a long time, too, I'll warrant, for fear of bein' arrested for stealing of 'em."

Dismissing many of her anxieties, therefore, with these sage reflections, she prepared a second breakfast, and carried it upon a tray to Sinda's room.

She found Sinda fully dressed and sitting at a window, with a pale, wan face and sorrowful eyes. Old Falla was engaged in putting the room in order, and welcomed the appearance of Mrs. Biggs with no friendly glances.

"Here's your breakfast, Rhody," said Mrs. Biggs, setting down the tray. "You look white and peaked this morning, sure enough. Them 'ere burglars upset us all last night, and I'm thinkin' as this neighbourhood isn't safe, and a changing of our lodgin's. You've been brought up as a lady, and I mean to treat you as a lady; so I'm going out this mornin' to engage a house as is more suitable!"

The Hindoo looked around the dingy, poverty-stricken chamber with a sniff of utter disdain.

"I hope, Rhody," continued Mrs. Biggs, "that you don't suspicion nothin' 'agin me about them jobs. 'Cause I hain't never seen 'em nor set eyes on 'em, and I'll swear to it as my dyin' words."

"Then who could have taken them?" asked Sinda, coldly.

"Robbers—thieves—burglars—"

Sinda's thin lips curled.

"Why should robbers enter a place like this?" she asked. "You were the robber. I wakened in time to catch you at your work. No, do not deny it, madam. You are welcome to the jewels. Belonging to me, I suppose in law they were yours. But I would have preferred to give them to you, as I should have done if you had insisted upon my doing so."

"If I have a right to 'em, how does it matter how I take 'em?" flashed Mrs. Biggs. "And you can believe me or not, I haven't got 'em. And as to calling me 'madam,'—me, your own ma—it's a proud and stuck-up piece of business, and you're a proud and ongrateful creature, as I'll say and stick to."

With this, Mrs. Biggs retired, slamming the door behind her.

"I wish I could believe her, Falla," said Sinda, "but I cannot! I loathe them both, mother and son. I can never, never, call her mother. Oh, if I were only more patient! But I cannot feel that I am of them. Heaven was merciful to blot out of my mind the memory of that woman."

"Has not the sight of her aroused your memory, missy?" asked the Hindoo, anxiously. "Don't you remember her?"

"No, no," cried Sinda, putting her hand to her head in the old painful gesture. "The past is still recalled, and I fear will be so for ever. No, I do not fear—I hope so."

"I am glad that Mrs. Biggs will have a better house," said old Falla.

"And I too. And I mean to try and be a daughter to her, Falla. Perhaps I shall find missionary work among my own people," and Sinda smiled painfully. "At least I can do something to elevate them."

They heard Mrs. Biggs go out of the house and slam the door behind her, and soon afterward Sinda and her attendant descended to the garden.

They were still there when Armand Elliot made his appearance, as on the previous day. The lovers had a long talk together.

Sinda related the experiences of the night, and Elliot believed with her that Mrs. Biggs had stolen the missing jewels.

"Although the son might have done it before her entrance into the room," he added. "Have you not had enough of those people, darling? Do your false notions of duty still hold you to them? Come to me, Sinda. Be my wife now. I have the marriage license in my pocket."

Sinda shook her head.

"Do not tempt me, Armand," she said, her sad,

listless eyes dwelling still a yearning gaze upon his olive face, and then turning from him. "I must be steadfast to my convictions of duty. My place is here among my kindred. Besides, between you and me is this great barrier, disparity of rank. We cannot cross it. Hush! Armand. Do not argue! Do not make me yet harder."

Yet Elliot urged his cause with a passionate energy that nearly shook her resolves. Had she not really believed it her duty to reunite with Mrs. Biggs—had she not really deemed a marriage with Elliot a wrong to him upon her part—she could not have resisted his entreaties.

She told him of her expected change of residence, and finally sent him away, while she deemed her heart to be breaking.

Mrs. Biggs did not return until that afternoon, and dressed up in triumph in a cab. She alighted at the gate, and then it was seen that she had changed her shabby apparel of the morning for a long purple silk gown, and a black lace shawl, and that in place of the old bonnet that hung upon her neck, she wore a gorgeous structure of white tulle and cardinal ribbons and long white feathers and yellow roses, perched upon her head in imposing fashion.

She bade the cabman wait, and walked up the path and entered the house, ascending to Sinda's room, into which she burst unceremoniously, her baby visage, of peony hue, her breath coming in asthmatic puffs and wheezes.

"Come, Rhody!" she exclaimed. "Come, Falla. The cab's a waddin' to convey us to Haigh Lodge. And the servants there, as I've engaged this blessed day, and tired I am as a race horse at the Darby, has dinner ordered for seven o'clock, which is fashionable and likewise comfortin' to the stomach, as is not used to late vittles. So come, Rhody, and hurry up, as he's engaged by the hour and it counts up, and the money I've spent this day has been oceans repaid in advance through agents being cautious, and references to the person as knows I've washed in his family when out of the workhouse and onrattle, and engaging of servants again intelligence brings, and buying this outfit as I leave on, and hosts of other things."

Sinda arose and put on her hat and jacket, Falla bringing them to her.

"The furniture of this 'ere cottage I shall sell to-morrow," said Mrs. Biggs, with a glance of disgust at her few low chairs and tables. "I've seen Simon, and he'll dine with us at Haigh Lodge with a friend. He comes baby for your babies, as I pay extra for handin'."

The cabman entered, the trunk was sent below, and Sinda, Mrs. Biggs and Falla followed after them. While the luggage was being despatched upon the vehicle, Mrs. Biggs looked the front door of the cottage, and the three entered the cab.

(To be Continued.)

FIELDING ON CRITICS.

FIELDING held critics in supreme contempt and aversion. He never lost an opportunity of giving and pouring out at them in his simplest and most satirical manner.

"Critics!—he cries—what are critics?—a harmless growth of shallow-pates, whom the world has complimented by endowing them with certain purely imaginary attributes of acumen and profundity."

From this complaisance the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded that they have now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors from whose predecessors they originally received them."

The critic he goes on to observe savagely—is but a very humble person compared with the author; for what he is, at best, but a mere clerk, "whose office it is to transcribe the rules and laws laid down by those great judges whose vast strength of genius hath placed them in the light of legislators in the several sciences over which they presided. This was all the critics of old aspired to; nor did they ever dare to advance a sentence without supporting it by the authority of the judge from whom it was borrowed."

But the critics of old were persons possessed of that inconvenient monitor which in modern English is called a conscience. They approached their author with respect, and with a desire to discover and make known his virtues, rather than to expose and exult in his defects.

They ventured only with extreme diffidence to point out what in their judgment might be a flaw in the work, and appealed to canons admitted and revered by the author himself.

"But in the process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power and assume the dignity of his master."

He commenced to give laws who formerly was content to receive and transcribe them. Hence arose many abuses; for—continues the satirist—these critics being mere numskulls, could not accurately distinguish between mere form and solid substance, and actually setting upon mere accidents in the works of a great author whom they could not understand, transmitted his defects as essentials to be observed by literary posterity.

To these encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great supporters of imposture, gave authority; and thus many titles for good writing have been established, which have not the least foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly serve for no other purpose than to curb and restrain genius, in the same manner as it would have restrained the dining master, had the many excellent treatises of that art laid it down as an essential rule that every man must dine in thisish.

Every author who thus himself smothered under the attacks of the swarm of invisible Monarchs of the press, should take down his "Tom Jones," from its almost forgotten nook in the bookcase, blow the dust from its ancient covers, turn to Book v., chapter 1, and setting himself in the coolest seat he can find, proceed to glaze over the castigation which a great predecessor once felt himself compelled to administer to the snoring tribe.

The critics of Fielding's days were coarser and more scandalous than our own tormentors; but their illnature, often expanding into downright unscrupulous spite, yet survives among us. We have Puffs and Snuffs at the present day, as well as many Sir Fretful Plagiaries.

The scurrilous magninity of a Hill is still at work, but clothed in polished language, and presented under decent auspices, and unfortunately, without the stinging whip of a Fielding to check its impertinence.

S. J. M.

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Da Lyons continued: "Now, not being in rapport with either of the parties, though, of course, I shared with all my might in the direction as indicated by little Gories, I could not myself see anybody, or for a while, though I was sure by their manner and words that they both had the power of doing so; but I am certain that the actual spirit of you may guess who having left her body, was then present in that very room."

"I could see nothing, I say, but I could distinctly hear a loud, low voice, as of a young girl, just like the tone of a very softly stirred silver bell, at some tremendous distance, say across the sea."

"I do not mean to say that there was any actual sound striking upon the drums of my ears in the ordinary way of attire—it was more, perhaps, like the sensation of which one sometimes hears one's own name called in a familiar voice, and turns round to find nobody near; or have you never had some particular sentence, or, more commonly, an air of music repeated in it close to one's ears?"

"The voice, though gentle as could be when I first became conscious of it, was reproaching Gories—upbraiding him with cruelty—and then seemed to change to entreaties, begging him to have pity and not to exercise his fearful powers over her."

"Gories, backed up as he seemed to be by the others' perfectly correct and clamorous, and having somewhat recovered his usual authoritative manner, was speaking in a low tone, as if trying to coax and assure her; but as he went on, finding his softness of persuasion unavailing, and, as I could see, egged on by the pitiless and, indeed, white and ugly of the other fiends, worse than himself, he began to mock at her prayers and entreaties, and even to tell her that he now held her, as he had the atrocity to say, absolutely in his power."

"I fancy, though I was not quite sure at the time, that the voice uttered your own name, crying bitterly, as it then seemed to be; either begging for you or threatening your resentment and vengeance for their iniquitous treatment of her. The stranger looked inquiringly at Gories."

"Oh! we can soon settle him," he said with a gnash of his teeth; as if he would like to have bitten you; "wherever he may just at this moment happen to be; and taking up that old kid glove from the mantel-piece—you must have dropped it somewhere, or found that little whippet-snapper of a scoundrel, Jerry, have got it secretly for me?"

"Anyhow, he took it; and having first breathed heavily upon it proceeded to make several careful magnetic passes over it—that, of course, must have been at exactly the very time you describe yourself as so singularly overcome on your way home from Luttichau Strasse.

"Now then," said Gorles, again turning to his victim, "unless you swear to renounce all thoughts of that fellow it will be the worse for—"

"I heard, or rather was conscious of the wiles, crying out in the most violent distress, but still as if at the same distance between us.

"I could just stand it no longer, but with a sudden shout which made every other finger jump round as if he had been shot, I leapt in upon them from my hiding-place, made a grab at the glove with one hand and the trunk with the other, which in my swoop I knocked under the table, smash went over the shimmering shining dish, making an awful smash as it and the lamp together came to grief in the struggle which ensued, by the light of the lamp running along in a blazing stream upon the ground.

"Gorles made a dash, won after the lock, and was making off with it to the door, but having had to unlock it, I was round and close after him as he rushed up some stairs which were just outside. I caught fast hold of him by the leg and pulled him downstairs again with a jerk enough to have dislocated his limb for him, and rolling him right over wrenched the lock from between his fingers, but not before it was quite broken and strained in the scuffle; I fancy myself he was trying to extricate the hair from it as he rushed along. He spit at me out as long as I had got what I wanted I did not care.

Now, although I understood and had witnessed enough of their proceedings to feel sure that I had spoilt their game, I had not sufficient confidence in myself to know exactly how to act, or what steps would be necessary to counteract and undo the serious mischief and dreadful effects of the rascal's manœuvres. What became of the confederate, by the way, in the house I do not know.

"Finding my way down into the open street below with the spoils of victory safe in my possession, I luckily bethought me of my dear friend, the professor, and went straight off to him for his advice and directions in the matter; he was, of course, the man of all others to tell me what to do, if I could only find him; but that was no very easy matter.

"It must have been a couple of hours or so before I ran him down in one of his less accustomed haunts, and told him my business.

"Though expressing the greatest disgust and indignation at Gorles's conduct in regard to an innocent and helpless young lady, I could see that in spite of those better feelings he immediately took the most immense interest in the result of the experiment.

"He made me repeat over again most minutely every detail and particular of all I had seen and observed; and as I told him all as closely and accurately as I could, his queer eyes quite glistened and flashed through the glasses of his spectacles with excitement.

"Having at last heard and digested all I had to tell him, upon my again urgently pressing him for advice in the matter, for the young lady's sake, he desired me to lose no time in finding you out, and procuring your special assistance for the recovery of your fair cousin, as judging from all I had told him (we had talked you and your affairs over amongst ourselves at other times, if you must know), there was, probably, excited a stronger sympathetic rapport between her and yourself, next, of course, to the evil-working influence of Gorles, than any one else in the world.

"He moreover not a little staggered me by, after keeping me certainly upwards of an hour thus discussing the subject, impressing upon me that there was no time to be lost, as though he knew that the same phenomenon had been on other occasions successfully carried out, when the spirits of patients thrown into a magnetic state had thus been enabled to leave their bodies and returned again even after the lapse of some days; but that in more than one case, recorded, it had unfortunately happened that not having been separated even more than six or eight hours mortification had commenced, before the renewal of the electric principle of life thus artificially suspended, and that the spirit, as if unable or unwilling to resume its functions in a frame on which decay had set in, had, as it were, evaporated, and thus actual death had been the result."

With this piece of information from his scientific friend, it is not much wonder that De Lyons' apprehensions, as he declared to me, a feeling of intense anxiety, and did his very best to get me up and out to the rescue in time. After his first unsuccessful attempt upon my rooms, he described himself as at his wits' end to know what to do as; he felt that it would be useless and hopeless himself to attempt by fair means or foul to gain admission to the supposed

death-chamber of poor Katie; he felt that there was no chance of their even listening to his wild story.

I was not a little touched at the joy and real unselfish satisfaction evinced by the worthy fellow, proportionate as it was to the anxieties he had gone through at the eventual success and reward of all his troubles, after having acted implicitly in obedience to the directions of his friend, the professor.

And so, after a considerable pause for reflection, when he had thus brought his story to an end, Taraxacum added:

"You say that Gorles is off again by this morning's train, and, I suppose, his worthy familiar with him? I wonder whether he is aware of the De Lornies' sudden departure which you tell me of?"

"He cannot, think you, be following them with any intention of again trying on any of his tricks in that quarter," I replied, almost involuntarily, as the disagreeable thought just flashed through my mind.

"More likely, I should think, to get clear out of your way, as he must guess that I should tell you all, and naturally would be on the look out for your heavy resentment. I certainly give him no small credit for his deep cunning in jumping at the chance as he has done, of paying that money to release you, and thus, just as, of course, he must have had the wit to foresee, effectually putting a stop to any violent measures which you may have conceived against him, but which you could hardly in common decency carry out as long as you are under pecuniary obligations to him.

"Now, a commonplace, every day fellow, under the same circumstances, would have thought himself safe and all right in leaving you where you were, without reflecting that you would have been sure to have regained your liberty in the morning, and have had plenty of time, and no moral impediment, such as you now labour under, of following him up and smothering him into small pieces the same afternoon. To give the little fellow only his due, he is a proper deep one; it was a first-rate card, and a thorough good success played it just as he has done.

"However, by this time he is clear off and away, for I declare there is six o'clock striking, and it is such a glorious bright morning I shall go out, as I now advise you to come with me, instead of going to bed, for which you do not seem much more inclined than myself, and a jolly good swim will do us both all the good in the world."

CHAPTER XXII.

In the same house in which De Lyons lived, there just then happened to be vacant a very little pair of furnished rooms upon the ground floor, opening into a jolly little garden; and as I found the rent was very moderate, and I certainly might have had to go a good deal further and fared much worse, I decided upon there settling myself for the time; so sent and received my portmanteaus and household goods from the clutches of Frau Slangartz, not without some demur, however, on the part of that injured dame; as I heard from Sillakins, who went for them, that having made sure of my being incarcerated for probably some months to come, she had quite settled that all my property must become hers, if not by confiscation, at any rate for their own value, which must accrue to her for warehousing them all the length of time to which she looked forward as elapsing before I again should be at liberty to go and claim them.

However, my faithful messenger, I suppose, convinced her of the futility of her views and brought away all my household goods triumphantly, so I shook down into my new place in a day or two, and finding myself pretty comfortably established, gave myself up to an inert feeling of languor which I had never remembered, before experiencing, a kind of vacant longing for repose, the natural reaction, I suppose, I was bound to expect and go through after all my late excitement, and as I may almost call them adventures.

In spite of my friend De Lyons' rattling company, for he was always rushing in and out of my room at all hours with every sort of kind intention of rallying or serving me in any way in his power, I somehow felt myself daily falling into a more depressed and morbid state of listlessness, awakening late every morning with most awful aches, not passive headaches (if you are unfortunate enough to know the difference), and they, by the way, were about all that was left active about me, for quite contrary to my usual habits and inclinations, I didn't care to stir out, or to take up with any of my old pursuits, either rowing or at the fencing school.

Reading at home even novels, which many fellows can set to work at when they are seedy, was never much in my line; my head wouldn't stand it at

all. I did not seem to care for anything I had to eat; in short I was nohow, and out of sorts altogether.

I felt bothered and anxious to know what had become of the De Lornies.

Well, the colonel and my aunt, I mean; or if you must snigger in that foolish way you have, I kept wondering from morning till night, and so on again through my buder-about dreams till next morning again, how things had turned out with poor Katie, and what state she was in after all she had gone through.

When I looked back to all that had happened, though, as you may see, not much more than ten days or a fortnight had altogether elapsed since I had been for such happiness and enjoyment, and since that fatal walk to the Walfshugel had taken place, it really seemed to my mind as if whole months, I might say, as if a year, at least, had elapsed.

Out down and unhappy as I was, I really found myself quite growing attached to Taraxacum, who though such a queer animal, certainly did his best in his own way to cheer me up, and arouse me. He was constantly, amongst other means for regaining my lost health and spirits, urging me strongly to allow him to bring in and introduce to me his friend the professor, whom he confidently pronounced to be quite, independently of his scientific and spiritual talents and capabilities, out and out the cleverest physician in that capital, particularly in cases like mine, which he, and there I myself think he was right, attributed more to mental than to bodily causes.

But I did not feel that I required the advice of any doctor, however talented, and was not at all in the humour for making any new acquaintances, or in fact doing anything or seeing anybody.

I thus went on for some days, growing, I think, rather worse than better, when one morning, or rather noon, though I was not yet turned out of my bed, Taraxacum came bounding into my room in a high state of excitement.

A warm friend he was, indeed, but a very noisy one, impetuous, or I should say impulsive, in every feeling and movement.

He held a whole budget of letters in his hand, which he flung in a shower on my quilt.

"Here you are, old fellow!" he cried, "here is some medicine of the right sort for you at last, and I hope and expect it will agree with you."

"I happened to be stepping up the strasse in which were your old diggings, when, just as I passed the very door, thinking about you as I was, and wishing I could hit on some way to peep you up a bit, I happened to see the postman stop, and grubbing in that little black box which he wears stuck on to his stomach, produce a letter, which he offered to that bottle-nosed old cod-fish Slangartz, your late landlord, who was lounging at the door-post, warming himself in the morning sun.

"I noticed him study the direction of the letter thus offered to him slowly through, shake his head, and then return it to the man's box.

"The real fact then first occurred to me at the moment. I stepped up exactly in time to hear him take your name in vain, and tell the postman that he didn't know where you were, only that you had left his lodgings, and, as far as he believed, Dresden without paying him or any of your bills; on hearing which, I just caught the old rascal a rattling crack on his bottle nose for his falsehood, and before he had recovered either his surprise or his equilibrium I followed the postman down the street to make further inquiries. From him I learnt that no end of letters addressed to you had, day after day, been repudiated by your old landlord or the slavey, and that, if I liked to go to the bureau, I should find a whole bundle waiting for you there; and, behold, if the lips of that worthy, though humble servant of an ill-regulated government have not in this instance uttered the gracious words of truth! Now, let us see if any among this lot will do you any good, and revive you a little."

"Perhaps there might be."

As I sorted them like a hand at whist I saw there were two or three from home, which I dutifully opened and skimmed through first.

The latest by date from my dear old father advising me of a remittance, and also that he had, as I requested him, paid the sum I had named into Court's to Mr. Gorles's account.

"So that fellow is turned up again, is he?" he wrote, "and, I suppose, by your borrowing money when you found yourself run into the corner, what-over it was, to which you allude, you and he must be on better terms than you used to be at Eton. And so you found the De Lornies had left too, at a moment's notice? Old George was always one of the best fellows breathing, but that was a regular habit of his, suddenly taking it into his head to



[THE SEARCH INTERRUPTED.]

start off here, there, or anywhere for a change, at the whim of the instant. When you next write let your mother know where they have pitched their tent for the present, until his wandering spirit shall have urged him to be off again," and so on.

There were eight or nine business or promiscuous correspondence, but the trump card I had shuffled to the bottom and bottled till the last.

It took my breath away; I had recognised the crest on the seal at once, a five-branched elm tree, proper, over the initials G. D. D., and the postmark, to which I eagerly turned, was stamped Innsbruck. They had gone southwards, then, through the Tyrol.

Taraxacum stood at the foot of my bed, watching me, and he nodded his head with a wink full of meaning and approval when I took up that last letter. It was really too absurd why I should feel as if I did not dare open it, though I was all the time longing to know its contents.

"I wonder what it will say inside?" I remarked. "I would give anything to know."

"My friend the professor would, if you liked, bring you a lad here who could read every word for you out of the back of his head, and without breaking the seal," said Taraxacum, quite seriously; "though I cannot help thinking," he added, rather sententiously, "that it might be an easier and simpler process if you were only to refer to the inside yourself instead of trying to sniffle the sense out of the unbroken seal and postmarks."

"But I see how nervous you are, while I am watching you, so I shall be off and leave you to enjoy it all to yourself."

He was right, I was awfully nervous. I got out of bed and looked the door before I had courage to begin. I quite remember feeling that unless the usual laws of creation had not nulloky been against me, I should have liked to have been in total darkness when I read it.

To the professor probably, according to Taraxacum, there would not have been the slightest difficulty in such an arrangement.

"Oestrichen Hoff, Innsbruck."

"MY DEAR FRANK, I sit down to write to you; it is my duty to do so, without longer delay, though I find it a difficult task. I am conscious of a violent struggle between many various feelings all working within me at once; gratitude, deep and sincere; regret, sympathy for your own bitter disappointment, and, believe me, my dearest boy, an earnest friendship and affection for yourself. But to begin with my gratitude: all that I, as a father, rescued from

the deepest misery, and mourning, would try to convey to you, no pen, no words could ever be found sufficient to express. Regret and sorrow I cannot help feeling when I call to mind my own violence and unkindness, and for unjustly accusing you, and refusing to listen to you when you spoke of causes and strange secrets of nature, in regard to which even now I know not what, or what not to believe; yet not the less do I feel bound to apologise and heartily beg your forgiveness.

"I only wish that you could forgive me, in the good old English way of shaking hands, and that circumstances could have allowed me personally to give you assurances of all I feel towards you; but no, dear Frank, for your own sake as well as that of my darling child, even doubly dear since thus restored to me, we, or at least as long as Katie is alive or with me, must never meet again; it is the only bitter chance of future happiness for you both. Is it not, then, for the best to resign ourselves to a stern necessity at once? I felt so strongly, that after all that your aunt and I, darling Katie, owed you, that if we had again allowed a meeting at even a single interview, which you, no doubt, had every right to expect, we, by yielding to our natural inclinations of affection, might have been induced to concede to what we should have only had bitterly to repent of for the rest of our lives, and that our only course was to get away at once and for ever. Your aunt informs me that she told you enough of the family secret, I mean the fearful curse hanging, as by a thread, over poor Katie's head, to let you judge for yourself, that though hard to bear, it is for her happiness, as well as your own, that you should never meet again."

"Do not, I implore you, think of or attempt to follow us, nor at any future time, or under any circumstances, ever even hope to break through this positive because necessary interdiction. Far be it from me, in my present state of kindly feelings to you, to wish to threaten or dictate; but be assured that any such attempt must, from the steps I should in such a case feel myself justified in taking, end in failure and great trouble, if not disgrace to yourself. No, Frank, I will not think it of you; but if you will take an old stager's advice, start off also somewhere; do not stay brooding over old thoughts and associations at Dresden. If not inclined yet to go back home to England, try change of scene, constant change with some cheery young fellow of your own age for a companion, whom you may easily find. Europe is surely big enough for us both."

"And now, before I conclude, I must give you the

last accounts, for which I know how anxious you will be, of my poor child. We sincerely hope that by perfect rest and quiet amidst this lovely scenery, to which we have succeeded in moving her down by easy stages, that she really may, and, indeed, is recovering her health and spirits, both of which, as you may well imagine, have been in a most critical state from the reaction which was to be expected after all she had been through, of the extreme state she was really in, and how far we had every reason to believe her lost to us for ever. We do not think she is herself fully aware; from herself we have no description of what her own feelings may have been; indeed she seems to avoid speaking, or in any way alluding to them.

"Katie has more than once earnestly expressed a wish herself to write to you her thanks for all that she feels she owes to you; but though, believe me, it grieved us much to refuse her, on what she evidently had so strongly set her heart, we thought it better for you both, from the first to be firm in our refusal; indeed, in her present weak state, all mental exertion must be forbidden, even reading to herself; and except one letter which she has been allowed to send to her brother, to console the poor boy for being left so suddenly as he was at his school, all correspondence is entirely interdicted. Have you seen anything of our Ferdie since we left? if so, we know that you will be kind to him. And, now, my dear boy, I must close this very long, and, I fear, rambling letter; in which, long as it is, I feel that I have not said one tenth of all that I have or ought to say. But once again, with every expression of gratitude, love, and affectionate good wishes for your welfare through life, in which I am joined by poor aunt, and if I told her to whom I was now writing, should, I well know, by Katie, also your most affectionate and grateful uncle,

"GEORGE DELAWARE DE LORNIER."

"And a great deal of use all such heaps of professions of gratitude and affection are likely to be to me," I said to myself, with a bitter feeling in my heart, and an inward groan, "when the only one thing I should be likely to wish or ask for in return for having been the chance instrument, as I was, for restoring her to them alive, he starts by pointing out as impossible."

"Confound all such palaver, and humbug!" I ejaculated, as I plunged my head into my washing-basin, and set to work to get myself dressed and ready to go out, as fast as I could.

(To be Continued.)



[“MERCY.”]

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—
THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

To each his sufferings—all are men
Condemned alike to groan;
The prosperous for another's pain,
The wretched for his own.

ANON.

WHILE this scene was going on in the library, Mrs. Richard Pemberton sat in her dressing-room, on the second floor of the same mansion, preparing for the ball.

It was an airy, spacious chamber, elegantly fitted up and well lighted.

Augusta sat on a dressing-stool in front of a high Psyche mirror.

She was attended by her maid, Carrie.

Her sister-in-law, Letty, already attired in her pretty, simple evening dress of white crape and white roses, was also in the room, hovering around the lady, and adding here and there a finishing touch to her hair or dress.

Augusta's toilet was now complete except the clasp of the jewels—a magnificent set of her family diamonds that had recently come into her possession, but which she seldom wore, because Pemberton disapproved such princely display, and better loved to see her adorned with flowers, or at most, with the pale oriental pearls, his bridal gift, which so well became her fair complexion and dark hair.

But upon this occasion Augusta deems that diamonds are not inappropriate, and her dress being now completed, she stands to allow her sister Letty the childish pride and pleasure of clasping them on.

And Augusta Pemberton, as she stands there with one small hand resting lightly upon the dressing-table is without the diamonds a very royal-looking woman.

Her form is tall, well-proportioned, and well developed.

Her features are regular, her forehead high and pale, in contrast to the straight, intensely black eyebrows, and long black eyelashes, and the shining black masses of ringlets on either side of her face. Her dress is of gold-coloured satin brocade, with

low neck and short sleeves, relieved with falls of delicate lace; her beautiful arms and neck are very slightly shaded with the lace.

Now Letty clasps the diamond bracelets on her arms, fastens the necklace around her neck, puts the barbaric eardrops in her ears, and lastly sets the light tiara on the black hair, and as the sparkling circlet spans the space between the two shining black masses of ringlets, and blazes above her brow, Letty clasps her hands in silent admiration.

She has no words to speak the impression made upon her.

But just then a rap was heard at the door. Carrie went to see who was there.

A footman stood without, saying that two women had called to see Mrs. Pemberton, who refused to go away and insisted upon being admitted.

Augusta looked and listened with surprise and curiosity.

But Letty said, impatiently:

“Tell the man to send the woman away, Carrie! This is a pretty time of night for such visitors. Someone who wants some petty office or other secured to some son or brother or sweetheart, and wants your interest in it, Augusta, and are determined to be in time. Let them wait a little. Tell the man to send them away, Carrie!”

“No,” said Augusta. “Many of these petitioners have anxious, breaking hearts, I know it; the least I can do is to hear them. Tell the man to admit them, Carrie!”

But even when Augusta spoke, someone without exclaimed, hurriedly and nervously:

“Mother! I know that voice! I know that voice! I know it, though I have not heard it for fifteen years. It is Lady Augusta Percival’s!”

And when the door was opened by the footman to admit the two women who had silently followed him, Nelly O'Donovan sprang foremost, and then hastily controlling her violent impulses, hurried nervously forward and sank at the lady's feet.

Augusta looked at her in extreme surprise, which was not lessened as the light of a slow recognition dawned in her countenance.

“Ellen Falconer! Ellen, can this really be you?” she exclaimed, with dilated eyes and arched brows.

“Yes, Lady Augusta, it is I my miserable self!”

“Rise, dear Ellen, rise. Tell me what is the matter with you, Carrie, wheel forward a chair here. Sit down, Ellen, sit down. You tremble so much. A glass of water, Carrie. Take it, Ellen, it will calm your nerves!”

Nelly sank into the chair offered, and Mrs. Pemberton still remained standing, with one hand resting upon the dressing-table.

Nelly drank the water presented to her by the maid, returned the glass, and seemed somewhat calmed by the cold sedative.

“Now, tell me how I can help you, Ellen?”

“Thanks, Lady Augusta.”

“Nay, Ellen,” she said, half smiling, “I have long since abandoned contending for the title so desperately held in my childhood, having learned, at length, that it could not be imported and naturalised with myself.”

“And you are no longer Lady Augusta?” said Nelly, with a transient interest in the question.

“My relatives address me so in their letters.”

“But I thought you got your grandfather's estate?”

“Yes, enough of this. How can I serve you, Ellen?”

Recalled from her momentary wandering, Nelly sighed deeply, and said, continuing her manner of address by force of habit:

“I made a mistake in entering this room, Lady Augusta, but now I am here—”

“Tell me what I can do for you,” said Mrs. Pemberton, seeing that her visitor paused and sighed deeply.

“First of all, before I dare ask anything else, forgive me for the miserable past?”

“I had forgotten whether there was anything to forgive, and would rather not recollect,” replied Augusta, as a shade fell on her brow. “Well, Ellen, go on.”

“I said I came here by mistake. I was in search of Mrs. Pemberton, the Governor General's wife. I suppose you are her visitor? Will you be so kind, Lady Augusta, as to procure an interview for me?”

Augusta regarded her in calm surprise, saying:

“I am Mrs. Pemberton! I thought you knew it!”

“You?”

“Certainly.”

“Stop!” said Nelly, as a light full of promise seemed to break on her. “I have heard this new judge arose from the humblest of people. Can it be possible that he is one we once knew as Richard Pemberton of the forge?”

“I thought everyone knew that.”

“Lady,” said Nelly, suddenly rising, and coming forward and sinking again at Augusta's feet, “I

came here to plead for my husband's pardon—for the pardon of William O'Donovan, now in prison under sentence of—"

The sight of Augusta's face suddenly froze the prayer upon the young wife's lips.

Augusta reeled and shivered as if under the effect of some stunning blow, and now her elbow rested on the table, her head upon her hands, her ringlets concealed her face, and her whole form bowed over the table, and she murmured, in a choking voice:

"Oh, Heaven, is it so? Can it be possible? Was only this wanting? You, Ellen Falconer, you married to this man, and he to die so soon?"

So sudden and great was the distress of the lady, that Ellen herself turned comforter, saying:

"But he is not to die, lady! He is innocent! We know that, but we want the reprieve to-night, that the suspense may be over, and we may go home to-morrow, and leave this dreadful place behind for ever!"

"Oh Ellen! Ellen!" was all the lady could say, bowed down in pity and grief.

"We know that he is going to be reprieved, because the Governor General has positively promised it, lady!"

"Oh, Ellen! Heaven pity you, Ellen!" was all the answer.

But instantly Norah O'Donovan, who, till now, had stood near the door, attracting but little notice, and supposed to be only an attendant of the young woman—Norah O'Donovan came forward, and brushing Nelly away as she had been a fly, exclaimed: "She knows nothing about it! She is a child or worse! She is self-deceived and deceived of others!"

The stern rudeness of this woman's manner restored Augusta to some degree of composure and dignity.

She lifted her head, stood up, and prepared to listen.

"Hear me, madam, I am his mother."

"I attend to you," said Mrs. Pemberton.

She spoke hurriedly, and with some natural distraction and disorder of manner.

"My poor son is innocent, madam; innocent of murder as that babe of yours sleeping in that crib!"

Augusta shuddered strangely and in spite of herself, at such an allusion to her child; in such a connection.

Norah went on:

"But innocence, madam, is no protection in a world like this! She, Nelly, I mean, is the cause of a reprieve, and only begs that it may be hastened! Alas! everyone else knows better! First, indeed, our hopes were raised, and we were almost assured of a pardon—popular rumour and the public papers assured us of it; but this evening I have learned that the Governor General has rejected every overture for a pardon!"

"Oh, no! not so! Oh, Heaven, mother, not so! You never told me so! It cannot be! It cannot be!" exclaimed Nelly, suddenly springing forward and catching Norah's hand within her own, and looking wildly in her face.

"Be silent, Nelly, and compose yourself," she said, roughly shaking her off.

Nelly retreated to a distant cushion and sat down upon it, burying her face in her hands, and smothering her groans and sobs.

The mother resumed:

"To-night the last effort has been made. I have been told that it has failed. I have no hope left but in you. You have great power with Richard Pemberton, lady. I come to entreat you, to pray to you to use it, and to save my boy's life," and the old mother held up her clasped hands.

"Alas! would to Heaven I had the power you ascribe to me, I would use it for your sake."

Augusta's countenance expressed great sympathy with the sufferer, but as she entirely recovered her self-possession, her manner seemed cold to the excited woman, who exclaimed:

"And you refuse to intercede for me? You a mother? and to have such a stony heart for a mother's angel! How know you, woman, what may be the fate of the babe in your crib? how he may sin, and fall, and sue for mercy?"

"It is a girl, thank Heaven!" said Augusta, thrown into a momentary tremor by this second act of bringing her idolised child into the wretched connection.

"A girl is it? Then pray Heaven, lady, to have mercy on you and on her, and show you meanwhile mercy to my child. For Heaven promises mercy only to the merciful, and will visit the sins of the father upon the children."

"The Lord of truth and mercy who hears us now knows that if I had the influence you impute to me

I would gladly save your son. But, alas! I have not the power. Only one thing in this affair influences Mr. Pemberton—a sense of justice!"

"A sense of justice! then he believes William guilty?"

"Alas! I fear so."

"And you believe it?"

"I do not know the circumstances."

"Oh!" said the mother, speaking rapidly "these were the circumstances—strong enough against him, poor fellow; the murdered man, Brown, was a shop-keeper in our county. He insulted Nellie more than once, when opportunity offered. At last she complained to William. William is very rash and hot-headed; he challenged Brown; Brown refused to meet him. William then swore that he would thrash the villain, and if he refused, shoot him. He left the house for the purpose, and on the same night Brown was found shot through the heart, and William, on his return home, was arrested. You know the rest."

"A fearful chain of evidence, indeed. What could your son say in defence?"

"The truth—that he went in search of Brown for the purpose of inflicting summary chastisement upon him, but that he never found him."

"A weak defence, alas!" said Augusta.

"A weak defence, lady, and yet those who know him best believe him innocent, and know that he is so."

Here the deep smothered sobs and groans of Ellen were heard in the pause, and Mrs. Pemberton turned her eyes, full of pity, upon the collapsed form of the young woman. Norah followed her glance.

"Yes," said Norah, "it goes hard with her, if he dies it may kill her, for she is weak, but even then, lady, her sufferings will not be so great as those I feel, who am too strong to die, but not to madden! Oh, lady, you think you love your infant now, and doubtless you do so; but not a thousandth part as you will love her hereafter, especially if it should turn out that she is your only one! Ah! few can tell how a parent loves an only child, when the affection that should be divided among many is concentrated upon one. Once that poor boy, who is perhaps to die a felon's death to-morrow, was an infant, beautiful and innocent as your own! Oh, more beautiful and innocent, as it seemed to me, than any other creature out of Heaven! And I loved him so! Oh, I loved him so! I would not let the slightest pain approach him if I could keep it off by any sacrifice; I prayed that I might never have any other children to divide my love with him. I wanted to give it all to him. I did give it all to him. I withdrew all my love from every other human creature, and gathered it into one stream, and poured it, lavished it upon him. All other interests and all other rights yielded to his slightest wants."

"That was idolatry," said Augusta, mournfully.

"And who are you, that you reproach me with idolatry? You idolise your own child, and you know it."

"Heaven curse me of the fault if I do, for it is a fearful one."

"Yes, lady, it is a fearful thing to embark all one's hopes and affections on one frail human being, with but one mortal life. Oh, I know it! I who watched the frail life of my child through all the illnesses children are heirs to! And Heaven knows with what protracted agony I watched by the bedside of my one poor child! And the joy I felt when the grasp of death was released and he recovered! Oh, my lady, once he was nearer to death than ever, he was given up by his physicians. He was abandoned to the power of death by all but me, his mother. I could not give him up, no not to Heaven. I went and wrestled in prayer for his life, through all the long night. I prayed for his life unconditionally, come what might, to either of us through the granting of that prayer. I prayed it in Christ's all potent name. And, madam, he lived, he lived! That night he awoke from his stupor, and called me 'mother.' I nearly swooned for joy. The people who had come to lay him out went home; he lived but lived to meet a fate like this, fated to be doomed to a felon's death. Would to Heaven, I had let him die," exclaimed the poor mother, wringing her hands.

"On, Heaven, it is a fearful thing to pray back the life of a dying child without the adding the clause of the Saviour's prayer. 'Nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.' It is a dread responsibility to pray back to mortal life and mortal trial the innocence that Heaven would make immortal," said Augusta, pale with feeling.

"Aye, you can lecture me! You are happy, your child is a blessed infant yet! It lies there in its crib, sleeping softly, sweetly, it is surrounded with defences, it is all protected, the south breeze may

not blow upon its brow too freshly, nor the sun kiss its cheek too warmly, your child sleeps safe in the nest of your love. Mine lies in the condemned cell to be led out to-morrow amidst a gazing mob to die a shameful death upon the scaffold, unless you save him."

"Oh! would to Heaven I had the power!"

"You have; you have the power; everybody says so. You have not the will. You're happy, and selfish, prosperous, and pitiless."

"Alas! I would give everything I possess on earth, except my husband and child, to save your son—that I would!"

"Words! words! You do not even promise to make an effort to save him. You do not promise to speak a word in his favour. You will not open your lips to save him. You will not lift your hand to save him. Give everything you possess! you would not give so much as the smallest gem of your para to save my only child from an unmerited death and me from madness."

Augusta gave not a word of a look in refutation of this charge.

The pity of her soul was strong, for she feared by the wildness of the woman's eyes and the frequent shuddering of her lips that great sorrow and sufferings were doing their worst work upon her mind and unsettling her reason.

It was a relief that just at this moment Richard Pemberton entered the room.

He came in by the private door communicating with his own apartments. He did not at once perceive the presence of strangers in the room, for without once raising his eyes, he stepped immediately up to the crib which stood at the end of the room, and in which his treasure and his heart lay.

Norah O'Donovan saw him when he entered, and recognised him instinctively.

She watched him when he stepped up to the side of the crib, and drew the curtains.

She continued to watch him as he gazed upon the little sleeper with a softening countenance.

It was, indeed, strange to see that whilom grim, severe politician and statesman—that firm, stern, indomitable ruler, gazing with so soft a smile upon the sleeping child.

The wretched Norah watched to draw a hopeful augury from that tender mood.

Drawing the curtains gently together Richard Pemberton left the crib and came forward to his wife.

Then, seeing for the first time her two visitors, whom he evidently considered to be women of humble life, probably seamstresses in Blakess, or something of the kind—he merely nodded a kindly acknowledgment of their presence, and then standing by his wife entered into conversation with her.

It was only for a moment while they stood together Norah O'Donovan read the character of both more accurately than ever she could have read either apart, and she was forcibly struck with a general but undelimited resemblance between them in air, manner, and expression—such a resemblance as might be imagined to exist between two persons who had grown up together and gradually merged into one heart, mind, and purpose.

His countenance was the countenance of one who had suffered, struggled, and overcome.

His expression was firm, serious, and elevated.

Here seemed the bright and soft reflection of his own. Her eyes, turned towards him with a calm, confident, elevated, and elevating love and adoration, just quickened with a thought of dread, not degrading, but exalting the affection, as though the idea of displeasing him or falling short of his standard of excellence would have seemed to her a serious misfortune.

Her face too, in its grave majestic beauty spoke of trouble and conquest; of struggle not with the world, but with herself; of conquest not of destiny, but of her own spirit, for she had grave faults of character, hereditary faults of her house and rank—great pride and great temper.

From her childhood these had been subjected to the severest discipline, and no one ever wrestled with her own nature to make herself an acceptable bride of Heaven than did this beautiful woman of society to render herself worthy of the love and esteem of her husband.

Only for an instant, as I said, they conversed together; and then the earnest, eloquent eyes of Augusta turned from the face of her husband and fixed themselves upon the women standing near.

He understood and followed her glance and instantly his quick perceptive faculties received the truth, and thinking within himself that this was another trial, and the most serious one yet, he inquired in a kind tone:

"Well, my good women, what is it?"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Norah O'Donovan, sinking at his feet and raising her clasped hands and strained gaze to his face, "oh, sir, I implore you to hear and grant my prayer. I am a poor old heartbroken mother come to beg for the life of my only child, sir. I have been told that you have rejected every petition. I hear that you have turned away from the pleadings of the very greatest men. You will not see a grey-haired woman at your feet praying you to spare the life of her only son and spare her away to madness. Oh, sir, you will think of your own mother and pity this widow's grey hairs and broken heart."

She paused, but still held up her clasped hands in silent supplication.

Richard Pemberton kept sternly down the rising pity of his heart, and his manner was compassionate and reverential, and he stopped and gave her his hand to assist her to her feet, and said:

"The, madam, I beg of you."

"You pardon my son," she asked, with a wild appealing gaze, as she grasped his hands, but remained on her knees.

"Madam," said Richard Pemberton, in a grave sorrowful voice, "I feel at this moment a pain only second to your own."

"Oh! do not utter what you were about to say. You, and you only, can save my child, you have so much power. Oh, that any human being should have power over my one child's life, to take it away at his pleasure! Oh, sir, have mercy! have mercy, as you expect mercy of Heaven. Oh! grant me my child's life, for you can do it—you can do it—by only writing your name. Good Heaven! when I think of the terrible power that resides in this hand—this hand of yours. You have but to take your pen in it, and make your autograph, and my son is free to live and be happy. Do it, sir. Oh! where is there a paper and ink? Lady, won't you send for it?"

And so, wildly and incoherently, she pleaded as they passed who she was for life.

Augusta looked on in the deepest distress, and turned her eyes occasionally towards the distant form of Nelly, who was weeping silently.

Richard Pemberton saw the distress of his wife, and stepping to her side for an instant, said, in a low voice:

"Be true, my love; your presence here can do no good, and this interview grows too painful for you."

But Augusta, who was already sick at heart, saying, in a whisper:

"I will not leave them, if you please, Mr. Pemberton."

Richard Pemberton did not insist, but came back to where Norah O'Donovan still knelt, and made more attempts to raise her, saying:

"Rise, Mrs. O'Donovan, for your own sake, rise! Never will my boy be condemned to die."

And Norah, who was already sick at heart, saying, in a whisper:

"This is more distressing to me than all, besides being perfectly unavailing."

"Oh, sir, do not say that," exclaimed Norah, interrupting him suddenly, "do not, sir! Oh, sir! I implore you to let me see your beautiful wife of this with the father. You would not suffer her to be pained, even by the sight of another's woe; oh, sir, by that tender care of her I entreat you to pity me. Sir, this broken, grey-haired woman at your feet was not many years ago a wife, beloved, cherished, but he who cared for her lies in the grave; now the heaviest storms of sorrow beat upon her bare head, and there is none to pity and to save."

"There is one—the Father of the world, and the widow and the fatherless. Pray to him. His pity is never invoked in vain. His power is never limited," said Richard Pemberton solemnly.

"Be His instrument! Be His instrument! Stretch forth your arm and save. Oh, sir, by your happiness and my misery—by your power and my helplessness—by our common human nature, and by our common dependence on mercy from above, I implore, I adjure you to be Heaven's instrument of salvation to me."

"I would to heaven I were the chosen instrument! I cannot!"

"Still calmer, oh Heaven, what will move you? Oh, sir, listen to me further. I saw and studied your excellency when you were but a boy, and a common man with a father's ordinary love and weakness; I saw you when you entered this room—go first and bend with looks of intense, of unutterable love over the cradle of your child. I implore you, by the love you bear your child to pity the mother's heart within me and spare mine. Sir, this broken-hearted woman at your feet was once a happy wife and mother. She had an only child as beautiful, as innocent, and as beloved as yours! Sir, that child is now a miserable man, doomed—doomed, oh Heaven, you know his fate! I cannot, cannot speak it!"

Here she sank down on the floor, covered her face with her hands, and struggled to repress the suffocating sobs and groans that stifled her voice.

Richard Pemberton was deeply moved; with all his self-control his countenance still betrayed the greatest mental pain. At length she spoke again:

"My child is doomed to die a murderer's horrid death, my child, who is innocent as the babe in yonder cradle. Oh, by the love you lavish on your child, pity a wretched mother's heart. My love is as great, my hopes were once as confident for him as yours are for the child that sleeps in peace in yonder crib. Oh, Richard Pemberton, by all the good high hopes embarked in that babe's life and future fortune—hail and grant my prayer and spare my child."

And in the unconsciousness of her grief and supplication, she convulsed and grovelled at his feet, and then lifted her clasped hands and strained eyes in the very agony of supplication.

Richard Pemberton ground his teeth together. Augusta turned deadly pale and reeled, and caught to the dressing table for support. A conflict of many emotions was overpowering her strength. It was not only an agonizing sympathy with the suffering mother, but it was a vague unreasoning fear of him. Every time, when, in the course of this interview, the dark, desperate-looking woman in any way alluded to her sleeping babe, Augusta had trembled through all her frame.

Richard Pemberton seeing her great disturbance, without divining the whole of its cause, stepped up to her and said:

"Augusta, you should have retired when I told you to do so. This scene is too much for you. Go at once."

"You are right," said Augusta in a faltering voice, "I will go."

But instead of leaving the room by the door leading from the hall to the drawing rooms, Augusta went up to the crib, raised the child in her arms and passed into the adjoining chamber. An undeviated instinctive dread of some unknown danger to the babe—a dread that she could neither understand nor resist—took possession of her soul and governed her actions.

Richard Pemberton watched her without participating in her imaginary fears or understanding the cause of her movements.

And when the door was closed behind her, he turned again to the suppliant at his feet, and once more attempting to raise her, said:

"Mrs. O'Donovan, Heaven bears me witness how deeply I sympathize with your sufferings; how terrible to me it is to be obliged to refuse your request. But you entirely mistake my power. I am under the law of conscience and accountable to Heaven for the use I make of the power vested in my person. I could not tell you, perhaps, without deeply wounding your heart, how much reason I have for refusing your petition. I can only recommend you and yours to the tender mercy of Him whose compassion and whose power are both unlimited."

"Heal! heal!" exclaimed Norah, with a frenzied gesture. "Do not drive me mad. Remember your mother, and do not drive a grey-haired woman mad with grief. Oh! for your own mother's sake, hear and grant my prayer."

She was wringing her hands in the wildest anguish and supplication.

Richard Pemberton's face was pale and stern. He felt the necessity of bringing this scene to an instantaneous end. He said:

"Mrs. O'Donovan, I have not the power to save your son without a sacrifice of principle, and that I will not make."

"You would make it for one of your own," she cried, in a passion of grief.

"No, understand me, poor woman! I have said upon a former occasion and I repeat, if it were my brother in your son's place, and if my aged mother were here at my feet praying for her child's life, as you pray, I should act as I do now. I should refuse her prayer as I refuse yours."

"You would not. Hard-hearted as you are, you would not."

"I would."

"If he were your brother, say! but if he were your son?"

"He should die!"

"And you will not, you will not, save my son?"

"I cannot."

With a terrific shriek, the wretched woman threw up her arms, and fell prone on the floor.

An hour after that three foot passengers, weary in frame and crushed in heart, took their mournful way towards the prison. They were Norah O'Donovan, whose wild, bewildered air and tottering steps re-

quired constant watchfulness and support from her companions, —Nelly O'Donovan, who still continued to weep and wail more like a grieved child than a despairing wife, —Mr. Godrich, whose sorrowful task it was to convey to the prisoner the decision of the Governor General, and in the few hours left him on earth to assist him in seeking that mercy which he had failed in obtaining from man.

They pursued their way in utter silence except for the low wailing of Nelly, and an occasional terrible groan that rived its way up through the tortured heart of Norah.

The streets had been very dark, for the moon had not yet risen, but suddenly, as by a signal, every window glared with light. It was the illumination in honour of the Governor General, and every house, every street, the whole city was in an absolute blaze of splendour, and at the signal, as it were, every house emptied itself of its excited inmates, and speedily the streets were filled with crowds as numerous, as gaily dressed, as joyous, as noisy as those of the day.

Our sorrowful pilgrims made their way as well as they could through the merry, jostling multitudes.

In crossing the flagstones they had to stop suddenly to avoid being run over by a splendid barouche, that whirled past them full of ladies and gentlemen.

"It is the Governor General's carriage. They are going to the ball," said the minister, with a deep sigh.

I know not what evil spirit spoke by the lips of the good old man. He soon felt that it was a hapless speech, and he looked at Norah, and her face, upturned in the red glare, was the face of a demon.

"Do not look after them—do not think of them," he began, soothingly.

Her teeth snapped, and she drew in her breath with a hissing sound.

"Think rather of our Saviour's sufferings. I often feel that for some trial of our mortal life there is no lesson in all the Scriptures like that contained in the history of the Saviour's trial and crucifixion; his sweet submission to his Father's will, that even in the agony and sweat exclaimed:

"Not my will, but thine, Oh Father, be done;" his lowly meekness when he opened not his mouth in reproach to his accusers; his admirable patience under the scorn, the scourge, and the crown of thorns, and above all, his divine charity when in the last anguish of his death throes he cried:

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do?"

"Oh, my daughter, can we cherish resentment, even if it be just, which is often very doubtful, when he, the Divine, the sinless One, in the very agonies of death, forgave his murderers, and prayed for mercy for them?"

In discourse such as this, and oblivious of the glaring light and noisy crowd, they made their way to the prison, and Norah answered never a word only by those dreadful groans that seemed to rend their course up through her bursting heart.

At length they reached the jail. The warder was anxiously awaiting them, and came forward to meet them, asking breathlessly:

"What hope?"

"None but in Heaven!" answered the minister. Then in return he inquired, "How is your prisoner?"

"Full of confidence, poor boy, awaiting impatiently for his reprieve."

"Heaven support him in the terrible disappointment. Mr. Thomas, let me immediately into his cell; I am charged by the Judge to inform him of his approaching death."

"A very sorrowful duty, sir, and I am truly grieved that you should have the pain of performing it? Do these women accompany you to the cell?" inquired the warder in a subdued tone, pointing to where Norah O'Donovan stood, propped against the wall with her arms and head hanging down in the very desolation of misery, and Nelly sat upon the ground, sobbing like a heart-broken child.

"No, I think not!" answered the good man in a low whisper. "I think it best that I should break the matter to the poor lad alone. Then when that is done, and I have an opportunity of talking to him, I will send for them."

The warder produced the keys, and the good man went to Norah and taking her arm, said:

"Mrs. O'Donovan, I wish you to go in Mr. Thomas's room, and wait there till I send for you, I am going to your son's cell."

Norah lifted her inflamed and straining eyes in an appealing gaze to his face.

But he replied to that silent pleading by saying:

"Mrs. O'Donovan, it would greatly improve all the good I might do your son, and very much distress

him besides, were you to accompany me now to his presence. Take your daughter into the warder's room and wait there till I send for you."

With one of those dreadful groans, which once heard might never be forgotten, Nora turned to obey.

(To be continued.)

OYSTERS.

Persons fond of oysters—and who is not?—will be glad to learn that, on the authority of Mr. Frank Buckland, the London market is about to be supplied with native oysters of an agreeable flavour, from which it has hitherto been debarred. He writes in "Land and Water" as follows:—

"The green-bearded oysters native to the river Roach (not far from Southend, Essex), are about to be introduced into the London market. For over a hundred years this kind of British oyster has been shipped via Ostend to the Paris and Continental markets, where, under the name of "Les huitres verts d'Ostende," they have been and are considered a great delicacy.

"The reason why oyster-eaters in England have not hitherto availed themselves of these home-bred oysters is that their beads (i.e., breathing gills) are, in the winter months, more or less tinged with a green pigment. This peculiar green is imparted to them by the spores of the seaweed called "crow-silk," which grows abundantly in the Roach river.

"Dr. Letheby's analysis has pronounced this pigment to be purely vegetable, without the slightest trace of copper or other mineral. I consider that this vegetable pigment imparts a peculiar taste and flavour to the meat of these plump little oysters.

"For many years I have been trying to persuade Messrs. J. and F. Wiseman, oyster merchants, of Paglesham, Rochford, Essex, to send their natives to the home markets. The present scarcity of oysters has now induced them to supply the English rather than the French markets. The shells are thin and porcelain-like, and the proportion of meat to shell in my catalogue is one-fifth.

DISINHERITED.

"Oh, Georgina! wait one moment. I have something strange to tell you."

Georgina Gray, a beauty and a belle, halted on the marble step of her own home in Brighton, to hear the news which Louisa Palmer, her next-door neighbour and most intimate friend, was bringing.

"Be quick, Louise," she said. "I am to meet George in the park at three, and I shall be late if I don't mind."

"My news is about George Howard," was the significant reply, as Louisa joined her.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You know that rich old uncle Stephen of his?"

"Of course I do. He is to leave George a large fortune when he dies."

"He is dead, Georgina."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly. And he has not left George one single penny."

"Why, how can you know that?" asked the beauty, pouting.

"It is in the paper this morning. The notice of the death and the contents of the will."

"What a shame!"

"Isn't it? Poor George! I wonder what he will do? And what shall you do, Georgina?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," said the heiress, turning to ascend her own steps again.

Louisa stared.

"I thought you were going to the park, Georgina?" she said.

Georgina only smiled and waved her hand as she disappeared. But when she was alone in her own room, she tore off her walking things and threw herself on the bed, to weep the little tears of rage and regret, for the loss of a lover who had been very dear to her.

"Such a shame of that old wretch to treat him so!" she sobbed. "But I can't marry a poor man. I can't go down to the level of a poor man's wife. I must give him up, and take that disagreeable old Burton, with his money bags and his snuff. And poor George is so graceful and so handsome! Oh dear! This world is a very hard and sad one to live in after all. I'm tired of it already."

The next afternoon, when George Howard called at the Brighton mansion to inquire why he had not been blessed with the sight of his lady-love in the park on the previous day, he noticed a bent and insignificant-looking man, badly dressed, who shambled down the steps, and entered a handsome brougham in waiting.

"There goes old Burton. He is worth six millions if he is worth a penny," said a passer-by to a lady leaning on his arm.

George turned a wondering glance in the direction of the fast receding brougham. What could "Old Burton" want at the house of his Georgina?

Alas! he knew only too well when he was shown into the familiar drawing-room, and saw Georgina there, in a ravishing Parisian toilet more beautiful than ever, but with no welcoming smile for him.

A magnificent solitary diamond shone upon her hand. The flashing gem was scarcely brighter or colder than the brilliant blue eyes that met his own.

"Mr. Howard," she said, coldly, "I did not expect to see you here."

"Not expect me! What can you mean, Georgina?" he stammered. "And why did you not come to the park as you promised yesterday?"

"I was more agreeably engaged," she replied.

"Mr. Burton, who is an old friend of my father's, spent the evening here."

"And he has but just left you," said George, glancing at the diamond.

She smiled and looked down at the gem in her turn.

"What am I to understand by all this?" cried the young man. "You know as well as I do, how we parted when we met last. Why do you meet me in this cold way now, Georgina?"

She frowned.

"My note will explain all, Mr. Howard. I sent it to your hotel over an hour ago by a servant. I am quite sure you will find it there now."

The hint was so direct and so merciless that George Howard lost his patience.

"You have thrown me over for a richer man. You have sold yourself, Georgina, to the money-bags of that old man. And this is the girl I loved—the girl I believed so true that she would be all the fonder when reverses came!"

"It is useless to talk like that," said Miss Gray, in an icy tone. "I have not been trained or educated to become a poor man's wife. Luxury is essential to my happiness. If I should be foolish enough to marry you in your present circumstances, we should both be wretched in a month. Nothing will induce me to sacrifice myself."

"Oh!" said Howard, drawing nearer, "you have heard of my uncle's will."

"I have."

"When—how—who told you the news?" he asked.

"Louisa Palmer told me yesterday afternoon."

"As you were going to the park to meet me," he said, quietly.

She did not deny it.

"And has she said nothing more to you since?"

"I have not seen her since. I have seen no one."

"Except Mr. Burton," said Howard, laughing.

"Well, he is a happy man. He has no uncle to disinherit him. Farewell, Miss Gray. Before long I shall feel even more grateful to you than I do now, for I am old-fashioned enough to wish to marry a wife who will love me, and not my bank account."

He bowed low and left her.

As the door closed behind him she realised for one brief instant what she was losing.

"Come back to me, George," she said, faintly, but he did not hear her.

And as he went down the street she consoled herself by a dream of the future seen in the depths of her brilliant engagement ring.

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Six months after, Mrs. Burton sat in her private box at the opera, with her aged husband by her side. She was glorious with jewels, and her dress was an exact copy of one which the French Empress had worn on a similar occasion not long before.

Yet people whispered among themselves that, in spite of carriages, horses, opera boxes, French toilets, and jewels, the bride of the millionaire looked worn, and restless and unhappy, and that the beauty which had won "Old Burton" from his lifelong bachelorhood, was speedily vanishing beneath that look of care.

Suddenly the door of an opposite box opened; a tall, handsome young man entered, leading a lovely creature dressed in bridal white. Her golden hair was drawn away from her fair, low brow and oval face, caught by a circlet of pearls, and left to ripple over her shoulders in a profusion of large, soft curls. Her large blue eyes were always shyly seeking the face of her husband, to droop before his fond, ad-

mirring gaze. The pair were so young, so happy, so evidently and honestly in love with each other, that every glass in the house was turned that way—the women envying the bride, the men the bridegroom, and some, indeed, among the latter, not scrupling to say so openly.

Mrs. Burton looked also, and the iron entered her soul at the sight of her old lover, so fully enraptured with the beauty of his young wife that he did not know, or care, that she was in the house.

Old Burton looked, too, and sighed as he marked the shy yet clinging affection betrayed by the lovely bride. Not in that way had his beautiful wife ever looked on him, since the day that she promised to be his!

"So romantic, isn't it?" said Garrison Palmer, who had accompanied the ill-matched couple to the opera. "He was disinherited by his old uncle Stephen, and all the money left to that girl, who was a distant relative of both. And George Howard went east on business, saw her, fell in love with her, and married her, and never knew that she was the heiress of his lost fortune till a month after the wedding-day. It is like the things one reads in a novel. But you don't expect to see those things in real life, do you, dear Georgina?"

Mrs. Burton shook her head. She could not have spoken.

In that one moment of supreme emotion her rejected lover—had he cared to know it—was most bitterly avenged!

M. B.

LOST AND STARVING DOGS.

No animal feels its position so acutely, or so thoroughly understands its forlorn condition, as a lost dog. Its wildly-wan and dejected look is a wonderfully true index to its feelings, and is one which appeals very powerfully to our pity. When, added to this, hunger and exposure do their part, we scarcely know of a more mournful sight.

Many wretched wandering ous, like Dickens's "Jo," probably never had a home; the normal condition of such is, no doubt, one of semi-starvation, the monotony of which state is varied by kicks and blows, their miserable existence being generally terminated by the wheel of a brewer's dray in their eager search for such food as the street gutters produce, or by a "barf a brick" heaved by some human pariah differing only from his canine prototype in lacking the good points the latter is almost sure to possess.

Who, in his perambulations through the streets of London, has not seen at times, lying by the kerbstone, the remains of some wretched dog which, no doubt, had been hounded and buffeted to death? To the lover of the dog such a sight is apt to lead to his conjuring up certain unpleasant probabilities when he thinks of or casts his eye on his own sleek and well-fed favourite.

It is to such a one that an Institution like the Dogs' Home at Battersea recommends itself. We paid a visit to this now well-known asylum for lost and starving dogs a few days since, and were surprised to find such a large number of animals waiting to be claimed by their owners. About four hundred were in the kennels. Numbers of them had only been in a few days, while others had been inside the walls of this asylum for weeks, and probably, if it depended on their former owners taking them out, would never see the outer world again.

Many of the inmates are, of course, never claimed, and are not good-looking enough to find a purchaser, but be he never so disreputable in appearance, if he be a lost or starving dog, he finds food and shelter at this institution—good food and warm shelter too.

On the other hand, many dogs of a vastly different type from the foregoing find a temporary but secure resting-place here, and numerous valuable animals that have strayed or been lost are restored daily to their owners. More than three thousand two hundred dogs, according to the last report of the committee of this institution, were either restored to their owners, or sent to new homes in 1874, being nearly an average of nine a day.

To give an idea of the variety of animals that find their way here, we may mention that we saw on our visit one or more very fair specimens of retrievers, collies, English sheep-dogs, fox, black-and-tan, and bull terriers and bulldogs; also an animal that looked much like a dingo, a pug, and two foxhounds, one of which is perhaps as good a looking hound as can be found in most packs. Some of these had only been in a day or two, and would most likely be soon claimed, while others had outstayed their probation, and were for sale at a very moderate price.

It must be observed, however, that in consequence of the numerous inquiries made on the sub-

ject, the committee wish it to be understood that this is not intended to be a permanent home for old worn-out favourites, or for any description of dog whatever, nor a hospital for sick dogs, but simply a temporary refuge for those lost dogs so constantly seen in the streets.

Any dog found and brought to the home, if applied for by the owner, will be given up to its master upon payment of the expenses of its keep.

In consequence of the very great and increasing number of lost and starving dogs brought to the home, it is found necessary that many unclaimed, diseased, and injured animals should, at different times, be disposed of.

All persons, therefore, who have lost dogs, and wish to make inquiry at the home, are particularly recommended to lose no time in going so; and all persons who require dogs are earnestly invited to pay a visit to the institution, to see if, amongst the many waifs and strays of every breed always to be found there, they cannot meet with one to suit their tastes and worthy of adoption.

DYE AND DIET.

It is all very well for certain theologians to argue that man is a free agent, but they can hardly reconcile this dogma with the fact that he cannot select his own hair. Nature deals out the regulation supply of hair to each new infant without consulting in the slightest degree the taste of the infant or that of its parents. It thus happens that there is a vast amount of dissatisfaction among mankind in respect to hair.

The light-haired sigh vainly for dark hair, and the dark-haired yearn for unattainable golden locks. Men whose moral nature imperatively demands curly hair are mocked with hair that is as hopelessly straight as the spine of a Ritualistic clergyman! while the African, whose hair curls naturally and closely, longs for Heaven, as a place where crooked hair is made for ever straight.

Of course, there are expedients by which sanguine natures try to modify and improve their hair, but they are, after all, vain and unsatisfactory. Those who hanker after golden hair, which just at present is the variety most ardently desired, can have their original hair bleached and painted, but the result is not worth the trouble and expense.

The intelligent public is never deceived into confounding counterfeit hair with genuine golden hair, or into mistaking the blue-black dye that conceals the grizzled looks of an ancient beau for the work of nature.

Moreover, the process of dyeing the hair is at best a risky one. A black ear or a golden nose are not to be desired, and yet a slight accident with the dye-bottle may suddenly produce those startling phenomena. Occasionally, too, the dye penetrates to the brain of the user, and the result is a yellow-brained, or black-minded lunatic.

Still more unsatisfactory is that hollow mockery, the wig. No matter how skillfully it may be made, its insincerity forces itself upon the notice of every observer.

It is the invariable decision of those who have yielded to temptation in the shape of hair-dye that it is better to wear the hair we have than to dye with drugs that cannot satisfy the soul; and there is not a wig-wearer in existence who does not know in his secret heart that even the wild Indian of the plains would view that wig with scorn and hatred, were it brought to the notice of his discriminating omahawk.

Painful and hopeless as have hitherto been man's relations with his hair, a great discovery has just been made, which will not only enable us all to undergo a permanent change of hair, but which even places within reach of the intelligent leopard a sure and easy method of changing his spots. Like many other great discoveries, this was made by accident, and though it incidentally cost a number of lives, it will be held, in the estimation of most ladies, an extremely cheap discovery at the price.

A year ago the British ship *Strathmore* was wrecked on one of the Crozet Islands, a group of rocks that are situated below the bottom of the page in most geographies, and are, indeed, among the most southern bits of land on the globe. The survivors, who at first found themselves extremely unfortunate in being cast away upon a desolate island, were obliged to subsist exclusively upon penguin's eggs. The penguin, as all students of natural history know, is a large, fat bird, which sits on the extremity of its tail feathers, and divides its time between laying eggs and laying plans for the capture of fish.

The eggs are not savoury, for, though they are well planned in point of size, they are injudiciously mixed with more sulphuretted hydrogen than an epi-

cure really needs. We can imagine with what wry faces the people of the *Strathmore* began to devour these eggs; but we cannot imagine the delight with which they recognised the remarkable effect wrought upon them by their unaccustomed diet. First, their complexions grew clear and fair, and then their brown, black, or grey hair slowly assumed a gorgeous golden tint. When, after six months of egg diet, they were rescued by a passing vessel, they resembled a theatrical company of blonde burlesquers, especially as their supply of clothing was remarkably scant. What is still more strange, their return to the English climate, and to English beef and beer, has made no alteration in the brilliancy of their locks, and there is no reason to doubt that they will remain blonde and golden for the rest of their happy lives.

With what joy will those who vainly sigh for golden hair learn that there is balm in the Crozet Islands in the shape of penguin's eggs. They can sail for that marvellous region, shipwreck themselves upon the magic rocks, and eat themselves into a state of bewildering beauty. That thousands of our countrywomen will demand to be sent to the Crozet Islands without delay is, of course, self-evident, but a little reflection will show that the desired end can be attained without the discomforts of a long voyage and a hazardous shipwreck.

What is the ingredient in penguin's eggs which colours the hair of those who eat them? No chemist will have the slightest hesitation in replying that it is the excessive amount of sulphur which they contain.

Everyone knows that sulphur possesses the property of bleaching vegetable fibres which are submitted to the action of its fumes, and it can easily be comprehended that the survivors of the "*Strathmore*" were thus transformed by the bleaching powers of the sulphur which, in the condition of sulphuretted hydrogen, was so conspicuously present in the penguin's eggs.

Hence, those who wish to change themselves into yellow-haired blondes need not go to the Crozet Islands, neither need they live upon penguin eggs. All they have to do is to remain quietly at home and confine themselves to a diet consisting chiefly of sulphur.

The use of sulphur baths, sulphur ointments, and smelling-bottles containing sulphuretted hydrogen would doubtless hasten the desired effect, and it is possible that in the course of two or three months of persistent sulphurisation even General Logan could transform himself into a sunny haired blonde whose beauty would inspire unusual confidence and esteem.

Hereafter we shall hear no more of hair dye or hair dyes, and the demand for sulphur will be so enormous as to task the resources of our best volcanoes to their utmost limits.

LEAFING OF TREES AS AFFECTED BY AGE.

VERY young trees in nurseries are apt to come rather earlier into leaf than full-grown trees of the species. But this is explained by the nearness to the ground and consequent higher temperature. The comparison should be made between the oldest available trees and other well-developed trees of moderate age.

M. Alph. De Candolle caused observations of this kind to be made in two old botanic gardens, namely, those of Paris and of Pisa; and the results were negative—in the Paris cases no difference; in the Pisa cases an old ginkgo and an old walnut tree leafed earlier than young trees of the species, while the old tree of horse-chestnut, sycamore, linden and pælonia were later than the young trees. A very full series of cases, of different species, would be needed for the elimination of individual peculiarities often great in this respect.

M. De Candolle is able to refer to better data, viz; to one case in which the date of coming into leaf of a horse-chestnut tree has been carefully recorded for sixty-eight years, and another for fifty-seven years, both at Geneva.

Of course, any difference due to age would be small in comparison with those due to climate, yet they might be expected to be sensible in the long series of years, if age really made any difference. But the figures do not bring to view any tendency to either earlier or later leafing with the advance of years.

MR. WOOLNER has completed a finished model, half-life size, of the heroic statue of Captain Cook, which is to be placed on a pedestal, thirty-six feet high, in Hyde Park, Sydney.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

WITHOUT desiring to violate official secrecy, we may point out that the causes which prevented the late Arctic Expedition from penetrating at least much nearer to their goal are now pretty clearly made out, and have a great public interest extending beyond the range of Arctic exploration or merely retrospective information.

The expedition failed relatively because the commanders of the sledge parties failed in the maintenance of the health of their men. It seems incredible, but it appears to be absolutely true, that the sledge parties started without any supply of lime juice, and that each man was expected to drag 400lb. per man—just double the amount of exertion which could reasonably have been expected of them.

Under the continuous influence of want of lime juice and excessive exertion the joints of the men began to swell, and the characteristic blood effusions to appear with intense depression and lassitude.

The swellings were rubbed with liniment as if they were bruises, and even when the presence of scurvy was but too apparent, there was not any store of lime juice to be used as a medicine.

No wonder that when the remaining men still in health had to pull along the two sledges and the scurvy invalids, they progressed only a mile a day.

If the Admiralty will produce the copies of the instructions for dietaries, the logs of the sledge parties, and the report from medical authorities on the same, it will be made apparent that an unfortunate neglect of the sanitary instructions given before starting very early crippled the expedition.

For all reasons, past, present, and future, it ought to be understood that the precautions against scurvy enjoined by law in the Mercantile Navy are as urgently necessary and should be as stringently enforced by the Royal Navy.

GIANTS.

M. Lm CAT, in a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences at Rouen, gives the following account of giants that are said to have existed in different ages:

"Profane historians have given seven feet of height to Hercules, their first hero, and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen, in 1834, measured eight feet some inches. The Emperor Maximianus was of that size. Shenkine and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorenus saw a girl who was ten feet high.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet high; and the bones of Secundilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob Le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns in that mountain, the head of a gaunche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Roland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says some years before there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the great giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.

In Rouen, in 1500, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been 17 or 18 feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved 'In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont, and his bones.'

Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the body of a man which must have been at least 19 feet high.

Vallance, of Dauphny, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarias, who was slain with an arrow by the Count de Cabbillon, his vassal.

The Dominicans had a part of the shin bone, with the articulation of his knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription showing that this giant was 22½ feet high, and that his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the Morderi, a little river near (the foot of the mountain of Croual, upon which tradition says) the giant dwelt."

PHOTOGRAPHED "SPIRITS."

"SPIRITS," though still refusing to be captured like ordinary mortals, have consented to allow themselves to be photographed. They now obediently follow those over whom they watch to the studios of photographers, and there falling into a graceful attitude, allow those who believe themselves to be accompanied through life by a "guardian angel" to satisfy their vanity (and credulity) by having a *carte-de-visite* taken of themselves and their "attendant spirit."

The resulting *carte* gives such an air of reality to the affair that it is considered rank folly to doubt any longer, when the spirits can be actually photographed, and thus brought within the ken of the most hardened sceptic. Such pious folly on one side and arrant deception on the other are more prevalent than ordinary folks generally suppose.

A case brought to our notice from Paris will illustrate the way in which this class of photographers impose on the public. The police hearing that a certain photographer of that city was pocketing large profits by taking these photographs for credulous people, dispatched an emissary to discover the fraud. On making known his wish to be photographed with his guardian spirit, he was requested to leave the studio for a short time for the purpose of the spirit being invoked. During his absence, a plate, prepared in the ordinary way, was exposed to light for a few seconds opposite a screen whereon a vague ghostly image was figured. The man's photograph superposed—gave, it is needless to say, the required effect. The photographer, on a hint from the police, ceased to take spirit photographs.

These photographs may also be produced by the photographer's common process of printing from two negatives; one negative takes the sitter, the other the "spirit" as before; on printing from both the effects are combined.

Another method depends upon a curious electrical fact. If a tinfoil device be laid between two sheets of glass, and tinfoil be laid on the outer surfaces of the glass, and then electric sparks passed between the tinfoil coatings, it is found that an image of the device is formed upon the two glass plates, caused by a molecular change in the glass. This image is at first invisible, but on breathing on the glass it becomes visible, and a photograph can then be taken of it in the ordinary way.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—MR. COWEN'S "PAULINE."

THE Carl Rosa company have added a new claim to the patronage of the lovers of English opera by their admirable production, instrumental performance, and excellent singing of Mr. E. H. Cowen's "Pauline." Its merits, both musical and literary, the libretto by Mr. Henry Hersee being far superior to the ordinary opera-books, make us regret that the work was not brought out earlier in the season, as we feel assured that this masterly composition must strengthen its hold upon the judicious and critical portion of the public in proportion to its repetition, and with the general auditory as its numbers, modulations, and construction become more familiar to the ear.

To do justice to this important work of one of our youngest and most promising of English musicians would demand an amount of space which the LONDON READER cannot devote to such an examination. Notwithstanding the merits of Mr. Hersee's abridgment of the play, condensation of the well-known plot, and really pretty song verses, we do not think "The Lady of Lyons" a good choice for the groundwork of a libretto; it is too wordy, diffuse, enigmatic, and detailed, however these things may be saved in a spoken play by the good acting and dramatic conception of so clever an author as Lord Lytton. It is, moreover, too well known. Under

these difficulties Mr. Hersee has shown much judgment and good taste.

Turning to the music wedded to these words, we have little but congratulation to offer to the composer and to the singer. Mr. Cowen's music is always appropriate, and almost always effective. It is on the one hand free from the sugary sweetness of sentimental ballad opera on the one hand, and the brass, parchment, crash, and glare of modern grand opera on the other. In parts a study of Wagnerian instrumentation in style, though not in servile imitation, is traceable; but it is corrected by a mixture of Gounodism, which cures its offensiveness. Nevertheless it is merely suggestive, for there is no plagiarism of one or the other in "Pauline." Then again, while the young composer has his horn and grand drawing room fame by his ballads, he has almost studiously avoided this special style in his work. Those who love the brass, and who admire the special ornament, trombone, ophicleide, side-drum, and trumpet of the opera buffo, will not find this in Mr. Cowen's score.

The audience evidently listened with anxiety when Claude Melnotte (Mr. Santley) entered in the garden-scene of the second act and approached the beautiful description of his imaginary palace, so great a "point" in the original. The composer and librettist rose to the occasion, and the passage beginning, "A palace lifting to eternal summer," is preserved and set to music in its entirety; the music wedded to the words being phrased with splendour, beauty, and graceful expression.

We shall not dwell on our great English baritone's conscientious singing of his part, but note that the Beaumont of Mr. F. H. Cull, the Glavin of Mr. J. W. Turner, Mrs. Aynley Cook as Deschappelles, and Mrs. Aynley Cook as Madame Deschappelles, Miss York as the Widow Melnotte, and Miss Gayford as the heroine Pauline, were each and all most commendably perfect in the music and what was to be expected, in the dialogue.

The encores of the lesser stars were: Miss York, in the solo, "From his native dwelling," in the opening of act 3; Mr. J. W. Turner, in the chœur, "Love has wings." Like all his colleagues in "Don Giovanni," "Pauline" might be said to have only one tenor song in the opera, that of Glavin, already mentioned. Miss Gayford's Pauline adds a bright leaf to her operatic crown. Finally, we must break off as we began, with a congratulation to composer, manager, and audience, that a great English opera has been hailed as a great success.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—"THE VIRGINIAN."

We must confess that Mr. Bartley Campbell's new American drama is a surprise—but it is a surprise of a disagreeable character. How such a fashionable theatre, with such a clever management, could import so vulgar, unympathetic, violently weak, and feebly forcible a play is indeed a regrettable wonder. A bare sketch of the plot is all we can afford.

The period is 1861; a young Virginian blacksmith, Vandyke Vernon, who is anxious to fight for the south, is forbidden to do so by his mamma, so he returns home, and on his road enters an inn, where he sees Cromwell Calvert, the landlord, drinking with Ananias (not Alfred) Gingle, a drunken lawyer and his best customer. There, also, he sees Kate Calvert, and falls desperately in love with her at first sight. A saucy chambermaid of the old stage-pattern, Miss Jenkins, informs him that Kate Calvert is married, whereon Vernon sets to gnawing his stars, his destiny, and everything but himself. But he is luckier than he thinks for. An old wounded soldier comes in, and brings the news that Richard Calvert, Kate's husband, has been slain in battle, whereon, as on a similar occasion in Faust, the bereaved widow faints, of course in the arms of Vandyke Vernon.

Four years pass, and lo! "Van" is a householder, and Mrs. Kate Calvert that was his loving wife. There is also a wonderfully precocious child, about four years old, who has blessed their hasty union. The next scene is a jollification, port wine and plum cake, which gives something for the comic characters to do, and as soon as the fun is over, comes the skeleton to the feast. A traveller, unkempt and unshorn, having left his horse to be shod, requests a glass of water. It is his first love and lawful husband, Richard Calvert. The soldier, who, like Jack Robinson, "aren't been dead at all," has the bad taste not to like the arrangements that have been made during his absence, so he orders Kate to come home with him. "Van" whines over his dislocation, but twaddles about his respect for the law, so Mrs. Calvert-Vernon, the wife of two husbands, is going with the right one, when Mr. Van (with very little regard for the mother's feelings) claims his right in the little girl. There's a situation: a widower-father with a live wife, and a motherless child with both parents.

The next act shows Mrs. Calvert in her first home, and now as an ex post facto excuse for the

rather curious conduct of the heroine, her real husband turns out a drunken violent brute, and don't like her yearning for her child by "Van," nor that gentleman coming, with the child, to his house. Richard Calvert is about to murder Kate, when "Van" the Virginian, who, like Pauline, is "ensconced behind the arras," rushes out and forbids the immolation! And now for the first time we find out that Richard Calvert is a dreadful drunkard, so that poetic justice demands his dispatch.

The last act comes. All the dram. pers. (except the elder and younger Calverts) are keeping a jolly Christmas at the house of Mr. Gingle, the reformed drunken lawyer, who has married saucy Miss Jenkins, when, after much comic business, and promiscuous kissing under the mistletoe, the great "situation" bursts upon us. Richard Calvert, as far as we can learn, is out on the loose, and dies in the snow, very drunk. Here's jolly news! Gingle, who has taken the pledge, brings in a steaming bowl of punch, and though he don't know the gladdening of the drunkard's death, is as merry as those who do. Of course all is now right, and the course clear for a second, valid and legal marriage of Mr. Vandyke Vernon, "the Virginian," and the widow Calvert. At least this is the happy position of affairs when the curtain falls. Such is the plot of the play, garished with moral preachings and tereotal platitudes on which the talents of Mr. George Honyer, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Beubrook, Miss Lydia Foote, Miss Talbot, and a new American actor, Mr. Percy, are expended.

STAND.

"CREMORNA" is the title of a new "rollicking farce" first played at the Strand on Monday, the 29th. It is in three acts, and from the pen of Mr. T. A. Palmer, is an avowed piece of fun, and must not be too particular as to probabilities of construction and adventure; so we accept the very miscellaneous congregation in the supper-boxes at Cremorne on a merry night, and the comic situations spring from miscellaneous love-making and other fooleries and peccadilloes, which are uproariously laughed at. Mr. W. H. Mervin, as a society, audacious lawyer's clerk, makes do in a pretty young widow, kisses her maid, bullies her friends, and finally marries the lady by force of sheer impudence.

Miss Florence Brunell, Miss Lottie Vane, Mr. Harry Cox, Mr. H. J. Turner, and Mr. H. G. Taylor are also "fitted" with parts, and the piece went with acclamation. The new parody, "Darl' Malincoed, Tinker," shall be noticed next week.

In giving great pleasure to record the benefit for Mrs. Linton, an Old Drury, was so well supported that the gross receipts amounted to nearly £800, and that advertisements, printing, and inevitable expenses deducted, about £100 will be handed over to the widow.

"Robert Macaire" is to be revived at the Gaiety Theatre, with Mr. Collette in the title role, and Mr. Toole as Jacques Strop.

Miss Ada Cavenish will appear at the Olympic Theatre soon after Christmas. During the holidays there is to be a new sensation drama at the theatre, and "The Great Kentucky-Kill-Team" was engaged.

Mr. Chatterton has, it is said, commenced an action against Mr. J. C. Williamson, in respect to his refusal to play in the "Shagran"; and Mr. Williamson has brought a cross action against Mr. Chatterton on the plea of some other breach of engagement.

The Aquarium Theatre is to have a pantomime, and Mr. J. A. Cave has been engaged for its production. Miss Bessie Bonnell, a recent music hall celebrity in nautical characters, and Miss Annette Solomon have leading parts in the "Introduction."

Mr. G. H. Maenderoot and Mr. J. B. Howe, who has just returned from America, have appeared at the Britannia.

Miss Pateman, who has made a decided hit in "Clancarty," at the Olympic, has signed an engagement for a long period with Mr. Neville.

"Possession" will be produced at the Gaiety Theatre next week. Miss Bessie Hollingshead, who has won favour at the Court Theatre, will leave that house to play the principal female part. Mr. J. L. Toole will reappear therein, and Mr. Charles Warner.

The pantomime at Covent Garden this Christmas is to have for its subject the well-worn "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner."

Mr. Warden's new play, accepted at the Haymarket, bears the somewhat curious title "Alive."

Mr. George Conquest, who never fails in originality, will, as "the Octopus," in his new pantomime.

THE FAMILY.

The family is the education of the man. Here men and women are made. What they are in the world, that they were in the family as children. The family is the place where the first lessons of law are received, and where the whole character in view of law has a direction given it.

The citizen is made in the family long before the time for voting or activity has come. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madame Stael's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true life. The family is the greatest means for the development of character. What a world does it present for the affections to abide in!

Where on all the earth besides are sympathies so warm, loves so pure and fervent as here? All that gives value and beauty to human character finds in the family as once an atmosphere in which to expand and develop the elements which shall bring it to the highest perfection.

MOTHER.—What will a mother not do for her children? What sacrifices will she not make to secure their happiness? Mother!—there is a charm about that little term, a spell more potent than words can express or imagination can portray. Fortune, happiness, friends, may life itself, she will offer up at the shrine of maternal affection—aye, for her children she will struggle with hardship, poverty, pain, sorrow, even shame, nor yield till her heart is broken in the conflict. Death only dissolves the mother and child.

THE "OLD LOVE"

The name of Archibald Gimple had been respected in Pennypot for several generations, for it generally belonged to men who understood the art of keeping what was their own, and getting what was their neighbours'; and the present incumbent of this dignity was considered fully equal, in these respects, to the Archibald Gimples who had preceded him.

He considered farming the only respectable employment upon the face of the earth, and looked suspiciously upon all who were of a different calling.

He was considered to be "rather set in his ways," but being so fully persuaded, himself, that his ways were always right ones, everyone else involuntarily fell into the same way of thinking.

Archibald Gimple had married somewhat late in life, a meek little woman, who probably accepted him because she did not dare to say no; and who seriously offended him by inconveniently departing this life before their infant daughter had reached the momentous crisis of teething.

Archibald and "Mrs. Chick" could have laid their wise heads together upon the propriety of the late Mrs. Gimple's "making an effort;" but as this was a thing which she had never done in the whole course of her life, it could not be expected of her at the last moment.

The widow felt rather glad than thankful when he remembered his sister Perditha—the family had a confused idea of Shakespeare and the still less learned corrupted it into "Puddith"—although young in years, she was old in looks, and equal to any sort of emergency; and she was now requested to assume the place in her brother's household which Mrs. Gimple had so lately abandoned.

The baby had been named "Seraph" by its dying mother; and although Archibald looked upon it disdainfully as a cognomen "with nothing about it to take hold of," he respected the wishes of the dead sufficiently to leave it unchanged.

The name was also a great affliction to Miss Perditha; if it had been "Sarah," she said, she could have gotten along with it; but it was hard work to twist her tongue to say "Seraph"—it always seemed as if she was talking about some kind of flying thing.

And "a flying thing" the little Seraph proved as soon as she was old enough to get into mischief; bewildering her aunt, and bewitching her father, until Miss Perditha was sorely perplexed between her desire of punishing the offender, and her fear of offending her brother.

For it was very soon apparent that all the capacity of loving in Archibald Gimple's nature was drawn out, and appropriated by the blue-eyed mite who called him father.

Miss Perditha declared that the child could twist him around her finger; and her sweet little winning ways were perfectly irresistible.

She was a very pretty child, too, and the name suited her admirably.

Things went on pretty well until Seraph was about eight years old, when Miss Perditha began seriously to reflect that it was time to establish some sort of standing point between herself and her niece. The little damsel was exceedingly refractory, and she was getting entirely too old to have her own way so much; so Miss Perditha resolved that she should have here on the very first opportunity.

The "opportunity" came on a sunny afternoon in October.

Miss Perditha had turned the house upside down for the semi-annual cleaning; and the delights of routing out closets, and turning various non-paying tenants adrift upon the world with their helpless families—to say nothing of an unlimited way over soap-suds and scrubbing-brushes—banished from her mind, for several hours, the small circumstance of Miss Seraph's existence.

But after awhile, various little tasks, which eight-years-old fingers could very well accomplish to the relief of older ones, created a want for the damsel's company; and caused a summons for "Seraph" to be issued through the house in various tones, until it reached a very sharp "Seraph!" accompanied by an imperative command to "come right straight away this very instant!"

But as Seraph came, and Miss Perditha wared indignant. The child was quite accustomed to rambling off by herself, and her absence was frequently looked upon as a relief; but that she should be out of the way when she was wanted, was a piece of malicious intention that could not be passed over.

"Miss Puddith," observed Almira Hippie, who had come to do the mending, as she suspended her brush midway in the air, "if I was avaricious on a jury, I should say she was down the well, drowned herself, I don't say—your own always help along in that way six times as fast."

"Miss Puddith" did look down the well, with a little trembling lip. Seraph's bright eyes might be closed for ever at the bottom of it; but just at this moment, a vision was entering the gate that caused her to abandon the search.

It was Seraph, herself; and yet so lovely, with her bright curls crowned with a wreath of autumn leaves, and her cheeks glowing with the rose-tint that seldom deepened—that, in spite of the quaint, little dress of coarse, brown merino, and the rough, country shoes, she looked like a wood-nymph, or one of those sweet, childish visions that float through German legends.

But Miss Perditha did not think of any of these things; she merely told Seraph that she looked like an idiot, and inquired where she had been.

"I have been out, Aunt Perditha," was the non-committal reply.

"Out," indeed!" exclaimed Miss Perditha, as she bore wrathfully down on the little forest queen; "it'll be one while, I guess, before you get 'out' again, unless you tell me right away where you've been!"

"I've been in the woods," said Seraph, very composedly.

"I should think you had!" continued Miss Perditha, whose wrath was by no means appeased, "and rollin' your head in the leaves, I should think! seeing that so many have stuck in your curls."

The culprit was being borne upstairs during this colloquy.

"Perhaps," observed her aunt, "you'd like to walk into the closet, until you can remember where you've been all this time, and what you've been doing!"

"Aunt Perditha," said the child, earnestly, for she was not partial to closets, "I tell you I've been in the woods, and I haven't been doing anything—I mean anything bad."

Now Seraph was not an obstinate or deceitful child—she was not more explicit in this case simply because she knew, from past experience, that Miss Perditha would only ridicule the pleasure she had taken in the beauty of those October woods; and something kept her silent respecting all mention of her companion.

"March in!" said the enraged spinster, as they reached the destined closet; and poor little Seraph was ignominiously pushed in by the shoulders, and heard the key turn in the lock with a feeling of heart sinking, which can only be appreciated by those who have been similarly situated.

But she was a brave little thing; and instead of crying or screaming, she settled herself as comfortably as possible, and mounting the good steed Imagination, was soon back in the woods again.

Miss Perditha returned to her work with a flushed face, and remarked to Miss Hippie that—

"She didn't care a pin about knowin' where the young one had been—she guessed she hadn't been as no great harm, anyhow—but when she set out to do a thing, she meant to carry it through, and before

Seraph came out of that closet, one of 'em had got to give in, and she guessed that her name wouldn't be Perditha Gimple."

"Then," replied Almira, "it'll her' to be changed to Puddithor somethin' else, for that 'ere little Seraph ain't the kind to 'give in'."

"We shall see," said Miss Perditha, with a lofty air.

Seraph had been in captivity an hour, when Miss Perditha heard a voice from the closet.

Rather triumphantly, she went to the door to receive the expected confession.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"Aunt Perditha," said Seraph very quietly, "I'm cold."

This would never do!

Suppose that the child should get sick, Archibald would tear her eyes out; so, under the influence of these thoughts, Miss Perditha very considerably enveloped the culprit in a large blanket.

"Aunt Perditha," remarked Seraph, "I'm very much obliged to you for wrapping me up so nicely, but I ain't obliged to you for putting me in the closet."

The door was locked again, and although Miss Perditha made frequent visits to that neighbourhood, for the express purpose of listening for the first sound of "giving in" from Seraph, her ears were not refreshed by anything of the kind; and, at last, she was obliged to take the child out, for fear that her brother would come in and find her there.

Seraph did not bear malice; and, curling herself up in Miss Perditha's lap, she went fast asleep, with the last-crowded curls resting against her shoulder.

So Archibald Gimple found her when he came in; and to him she gave an account of herself without any reservation.

John Enden, a boy of thirteen, the son of a neighbour, had found her outside of the gate, whither she had retreated to escape the house cleaning, and invited her to go chattering with him.

She always liked John, for he was never rude to her at school, but helped her with her lessons, and shielded her from punishment; and the two children walked off hand in hand to the woods, which were not far distant.

The chatters proved to be far more far between, but they managed to enjoy themselves extravagantly; and John wrenched the curls of his pretty little companion in the fantastic manner that had excited Miss Perditha's contempt; and then the boy looked admiringly at Seraph, and told her that she must be his little wife, and asked if she would make him this promise.

To which Seraph replied, with much dignity, that she was too young to think of such things yet; but when she got to be as old as he was, which seemed to her very ancient indeed, she thought it very likely that she would—if her father would let her.

"And I want you to let me, father," she added, "for John is so nice—and then I s'pose we shall live in the same house, and we could go to the woods every day." With this sage conclusion, the young lady went off to sleep again.

"Sister Perditha," said Archibald, looking anything but pleased, "I don't want any of this nonsense in the child's head."

"And I should like to know, brother Archibald," replied Miss Perditha, in a dignified manner, "how I am to help it? You think as if I had to do was jest to take a fine toothcomb and comb it out! I should think I'd had trouble enough with the young one for one day, and I guess that any notion she takes into her head she'll carry out, for she's the most obstinate little creter I ever laid eyes on!"

"I don't want no partic'lar dealin's with none of that Enden kit," continued Archibald, wrathfully, "a poor, shiftless set, from the father down, that don't know how to make money nor to keep it neither—and what Seraph'll her' ain't goin' to stop them leaks, I guess! I'd rather give it to somebody that'd make more of it than less."

The next day, John Enden, who was a manly little fellow, presented himself before Mr. Archibald Gimple, as that gentleman was leaning over his front gate; and modestly requested, not exactly that Seraph should be handed over into his keeping at once, but that such an arrangement might be guaranteed to him at no very distant period—about thirteen years for a lady, and eighteen for a gentleman, Master Enden appeared to consider a justifiable age for committing matrimony.

There are some people so unfortunately constituted that they never can under any circumstances appreciate the ridiculous.

This was the case with Archibald Gimple; and instead of answering with kind pleasantry the enthusiastic boy, whose handsome, intelligent face was lifted up to him so hopefully, he moved his hat slightly on one side, which gave him a sort of



[A ROD IN PICKLE.]

rakish appearance, and, fixing his eyes on John with a look that caused the bright colour to spread itself over his face, he slowly remarked:

"Young man, I think you've been down in the cellar lately after cider, and forgot to whistle all the way up."

John did not think this very kind; but he controlled his feelings sufficiently to answer firmly but respectfully:

"I have not been after cider, sir. - We haven't any to go after; but I do like Seraph very much, and she says that she likes me; and if you will promise not to let her marry anybody else, I am going to be a great man one of these days, and then she shall have whatever she likes."

"How do you expect to be a great man?" asked Archibald, dryly.

"I expect to work!" replied John, a little proudly.

"Humph!" was the encouraging rejoinder, although Archibald Gimple was somewhat softened by this prompt avowal, "when you own that cottage over there," said he, pointing with his finger, "and have enough else to keep a wife of your own earning, I'll promise to give you Seraph."

With the feelings of malicious characters in fairy tales, when they have set some impossible task to a victim, Archibald withdrew into the house; and John Ender eyed the pretty cottage with a resolute determination.

That cottage, with Seraph in it, to be his!

Why, it was worth any amount of toil and trying; and although only a boy of thirteen, and Seraph a child of eight, it appeared by no means an impossible accomplishment.

And this was Seraph Gimple's first offer.

When John Ender was eighteen, he left home to seek his fortune.

Seraph had turned her bright ringlets up in a comb, and looked quite womanly; but she still re-

tained her childish affection for John, and her winning, mischievous ways.

Archibald Gimple seldom unbent to the aspiring youth; and whenever he thought of him, it was with a feeling of extreme dissatisfaction.

The boy had grown tall and handsome, and there was a certain self-respect about him that was particularly irritating to Archibald.

John went to London, as clerk in a large establishment, and began manfully to fight his way up to Seraph; while his unwilling father-in-law elect could scarcely conceal his pleasure at being rid of him, and sincerely hoped that no perverse wind would waft him back again.

John did return sometimes for a short summer vacation; and always found Seraph more lovely than ever, and every time it became harder to leave her.

But this was his only hope of staying with her always, and he went bravely back to work.

When Seraph was about seventeen, her father one evening brought home a gentleman with him who was quite different from anyone she had ever seen before.

He called himself Christopher Geales; and Mr. Gimple became acquainted with him at the Pennybrook Hotel, where he was sojourning for awhile.

He was apparently about thirty years old, and was quite handsome and distinguished-looking. There was nothing alarmingly showy about him, however; his expression was rather melancholy, and he had a sensible, matter-of-fact way of talking that won Mr. Gimple's confidence.

No one would have suspected him of being a speculator; he seemed to have a vast fund of knowledge upon any subject, and yet it came out inadvertently as though the owner were rather desirous of concealing it.

Mr. Geales came to tea; and his manner to Seraph was respectfully reserved; while Miss

Gimple was the delightful recipient of many flattering little attentions, until she began to imagine that she did not look so very old after all, and Mr. Geales must be a very sensible man.

Archibald Gimple had many conversations with the stranger after that; and in a short time Mr. Geales became quite domesticated at the house.

The two made numerous journeys over the farm, and Mr. Geales was continually picking up bits of stone or earth, and explaining them to his companion, much to Perditha's perplexity; for although she tried hard to listen to these conferences, she never was able to take in sufficient to form any conclusions.

Queer measurements of land seemed to be going on, too; and Archibald Gimple began to hold his head still higher, and to feel more self-important than ever.

"How would my little Seraph like to ride in her own carriage," said he, one day, "with a pair of splendid horses, and a fine coachman and footman?"

Seraph was very naturally surprised to find such visions floating through the mind of her staid father; but she answered, pleasantly, that they might be fine, but she didn't believe that John would ever be able to afford them, and she could be quite happy without them, as she always had been.

There are other folks in the world besides John!" exclaimed her father, impatiently. "I wish that you'd never seen him!"

"Oh! father," remonstrated Seraph, with a heart-broken look; but Archibald Gimple banged the gate after him, as he strode angrily down the road, and Seraph went to her own room to indulge in a private fit of crying.

That evening, Mr. Geales asked her to marry him.

Seraph was considerably surprised and frightened; but she withdrew the little hand that he had taken possession of as soon as possible, and told him of her engagement to John Ender.

Mr. Geales bit his lip, and it was well that she did not see his face; but when she looked up again she encountered only an expression of respectful interest, and a few kind words drew from her the whole story. Mr. Geales assured her that he had no idea of this before; and that now he should keep a constant eye upon John, because he might be able to aid him, or rather to put him in the way of aiding himself, which he should take pleasure in doing for Seraph's sake.

All this, Seraph thought was very kind indeed of Mr. Geales; and she expressed her thanks so prettily that he became firmly determined not to permit John Ender to win the prize. That night he wrote a letter to some City acquaintances, the consequence of which was a most unexpected visit.

John Ender sat at his plodding work in the dull counting-house, wearily wondering when the goal would be reached at this rate, and tormented by the fear that Seraph might be forced by her father to accept some more favoured suitor before he had earned the right to claim her; when his thoughts were brought back to the present by hearing an inquiry for Mr. Ender.

Two plain, respectable-looking strangers had approached him; and, with the facility of a castle-builder, John immediately prepared himself to hear that he was "to go somewhere and hear something to his advantage."

He was not to go, however; it was to be told him then and there; and the visitors, one of whom announced himself as "Mr. Mettlegate," and his companion as "Mr. Clickwell," blandly addressed John, as though they were perfectly acquainted with all his affairs; and, remarking that they had been told of the faithful manner in which Mr. Ender discharged all the business entrusted to him, and his desire of increasing his income, they had called to offer him a little occupation for his evenings, if he had no objection to further employment.

Objection! John was but twenty-two; and his heart gave a great bound when he thought of Seraph and the cottage, which seemed nearer than they had ever yet been; but he stood gazing at Mr. Mettlegate in silence, while that gentleman proceeded to unfold the nature of the "employment."

He was examining John's handwriting, and having shown it to Mr. Clickwell, both professed themselves satisfied with it.

"In the first place," said Mr. Mettlegate, impressively, "this little transaction between us must never be mentioned. The part that you are to fill is one that is eagerly desired by a number of persons, and we should probably excite enmity by thus favouring you; then, too, employers have a natural jealousy of their clerks undertaking any business but theirs, and on many accounts it will be better to keep it entirely between ourselves."

John promised strict secrecy—what would he not have promised then?

Mr. Mettlegate, however, merely informed him that his employment would be confined to writing; and, having given him particular directions to find a street and number in an out-of-the-way region, where he was to call that evening, the gentlemen departed.

John received several reproaches during the day for the unusually careless manner in which his work was executed, but his mind was full of other matter; and punctually at the hour appointed, he turned into the obscure street to which he had been directed.

While gazing about for the number, for it was extremely dark, he felt a hand laid on his arm; and turning in some fear, he encountered the benignant gaze of Mr. Clickwell, who took him at once under his wing; and after parading around several blocks, in what appeared to John a very zigzag and confusing manner, they reached the back entrance of a large, shabby-looking house.

Mr. Clickwell led the way through dark passages, and up innumerable flights of stairs, until John concluded that they must have reached the very top of the house.

They entered a large room, very nicely fitted up as a library, and containing several queer-looking tables, covered with papers and utensils, and one large desk that was quite formidable in its proportions.

At this desk John was seated; and then Mr. Mettlegate made his appearance.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Eaden," said that gentleman, with a manner of mingled dignity and benevolence; "but before proceeding to business, I wish to arrange a few preliminaries with you. The nature of your employment must remain a secret even from you—it is enough to say that it is state business ('another word wanted there,' murmured Mr. Clickwell, in a tone that nobody heard) in which you will be engaged, and probably you have not the slightest idea of the position of the individual who now addresses you."

John admitted that he had not; but in his own mind he set him down as the Minister of Foreign Affairs, or Secretary of State.

Mr. Mettlegate smiled in a manner suited to disguised royalty conversing familiarly with a subject, and said (still as disguised royalty):

"You will never know me in any other character than that of Mr. Mettlegate; my present business is to make you satisfied with him. As your work here can only be done in what should be your hours of recreation, it is but right that your compensation should be high."

He then mentioned a sum for every evening's work that fairly startled John into the belief that he must be dreaming.

The alacrity with which he seized his pen caused his companion to smile; and very soon John was writing away for dear life, copying over and over again the signature on a piece of written paper before him, and which appeared to be the transfer of a large sum of money.

Mr. Clickwell was working at one of the tables, and from the glimpses that John caught of his employment, he imagined that this must be a branch of the Mint.

At length Mr. Mettlegate pronounced John's work perfect, and praised his new clerk's skillfulness very highly.

Gold was put into his hand, at his departure, and an instant dismissal was threatened if a living creature were informed of this night's work.

But there was no fear of John, and so Mr. Mettlegate felt; his frank, open nature was entirely unsuspecting of evil, and he had a dim idea that he was serving his country in some honourable way, at the same time that he was working for Seraph.

"What under the sun air you doin'?" inquired a neighbour of Archibald Gimple.

Archibald smiled in a superior manner, as he replied:

"Ain't sure that I'm doin' anything; I'm trying to do."

"Thought you didn't approve of tryin'?" continued the neighbour. "Pears to me I've heard tell of a man who upset his bull house diggin' under it for a pot of gold."

This was not at all agreeable to Archibald, and he vouchsafed no reply.

Mr. Geales had persuaded his friend, as well as himself, that copper was to be found in great abundance on the Gimple farm; and drew such a glowing picture of the fabulous profits to be derived from working the mine, that Archibald Gimple, opposed as he was to all experiments, and "new fangled notions," fell eagerly in with the plan, and drew

nearly all his spare funds to carry on the operations.

Miss Perditha looked upon Mr. Geales with very different feelings when she found that he wanted her niece, instead of herself; and she cautioned "brother Archibald" in vain against reposing too much trust in a stranger. His mind was set upon dazzling all Pennybrook, and casting a fresh halo upon the name of Gimple; and the voice of "Sister Perditha" sounded in his ears very much like the buzzing of a noisy fly.

Time wore on, as the novelists say; and one June morning, John Eaden came back to Pennybrook with money enough to buy Seraph of her father.

The pretty cottage was not for sale just then; but this was not the point, as long as he had money enough to get it.

Archibald Gimple was very uneasy during this interview; and demanded rather abruptly where John had gotten his money so soon.

"Honestly, sir," replied the young man, with a flushed face, "by working at all sorts of hours, and thinking of Seraph to keep me from being tired."

This was straightforward enough; and finding no sufficient reason for breaking the compact, Archibald just refused point blank to give him his daughter, without any reason at all.

John Eaden's feelings cannot be described; but with no word of disrespect for the father of Seraph, he quietly left the house in the hope that a short reflection would bring Mr. Gimple to his senses.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Seraph, who had been in an adjoining room during the interview, "you promised!"

Archibald turned from his daughter's pleading face to superintend the operations of the workmen; and Seraph flew to Aunt Perditha.

"Seraph," she said, in a solemn manner, "I feel it in my bones that somehow or another, and at some time or other, you'll marry John Eaden. I'll never forget the time I looked you up in the closet, and had to wrap you in a blanket to keep you from ketchin' cold, and how you stuck it out there, hour after hour, until I got scared, and had to fetch you out. I think jest the same now as I did then, that you air the most obstinate little creetur I ever laid eyes on, and whatever you set out to do, you'll do."

With which comforting remarks Aunt Perditha kissed the tearful face of her pretty niece, and sat down again to her sewing.

Seraph was "an obstinate little creetur"—she began to grow pale and thin with all her might; and not oven waffles, her favourite weakness, could tempt her, as Miss Perditha said, "to eat more than enough to keep a bird alive; which is rather indefinite, as it is generally understood that some birds eat a great deal more than others—vultures, for instance."

Seraph's appetite, however, was on the canary bird pattern.

Archibald Gimple was considerably troubled. His only child, the pride of his heart, was fading away before his eyes; and his hardly-earned money was doing the same thing, with no present prospect of getting it back.

Seraph's looks made him really unhappy; and when Mr. Geales came to talk to him, as a friend of both parties, and try to persuade him to receive John Eaden as a son-in-law, he was quite ready to be persuaded; and Mr. Geales had the pleasure of doing a benevolent and disinterested action.

The gratitude of the young couple was unbounded; and Seraph confessed to Aunt Perditha that, if she had never seen John, she did think she should have loved Mr. Geales.

This benevolent Howard was very much occupied in writing letters; but, grateful as they felt, he was not at all missed—Miss Perditha doubted if the roof of the house would be, if it should take a notion to come off.

The young couple were to live at home until the owner of the cottage was disposed to sell it; and Miss Perditha and Almira Hipple again worked in concert to make Seraph's room as attractive as possible.

The bride elect, as Miss Perditha observed, was in such a flutter that she wasn't worth her salt; and, as for John, he did nothing but be in the way.

The day arrived; and the stiff, white satin dress, which John had brought from the city, was made up in the queer fashion of forty years ago; but Seraph could not be disfigured, even by that barbarous style, and a lovelier bride had never been seen in Pennybrook.

Seraph stood before the glass, with a slight feeling of pardonable vanity, waiting for the summons to go downstairs, and wondering why they made such a noise below—when in rushed Almira Hipple, in a great state of excitement, exclaiming in a very vague and disconnected manner:

"Don't go down, Seruff! P'raps they'll want you, too!"

"Of course they want her," said Miss Perditha, sternly. "What do you mean, Almira? Is it time to go down?"

"My sakes me!" continued "Almira," still regarding Seraph, "if you ain't had a blessed escape of bein' a forgeress!"

Miss Perditha rushed downstairs, but Seraph was before her.

How she got down she never could tell; every vestige of colour had left her face, and, white as the bridal dress she wore, she was possessed with the one idea that something dreadful had happened to John.

As she reached the bottom of the stairs, she saw a carriage at the door, and John Eaden lifted into it by two police officers.

Her father's anger was too deep for words, except a murmured execration—Mr. Geales looked regretful, but satisfied that justice should take its course—and the invited guests whispered together in little knots about "forgery" and "counterfeiting."

John's head was bowed, and he made no resistance; but at the last moment he turned and beheld his wife that would have been close beside him.

"Oh, Seraph!" he exclaimed, and he would have said more, but the men hurried him into the carriage, while kind hands seized Seraph, and carried her upstairs.

Poor John!

He was the victim of a deeply laid scheme: counterfeit money was found upon him, and the proofs of forgery were just as conclusive.

The villains, whose tool he had been, had exposed him in obedience to orders they had received; but they had effected their escape, and were now far beyond the reach of the law.

John Eaden was taken to prison.

For a long time Seraph showed no signs of life. The deadly swoon into which she had fallen was alarming; and then brain fever set in, and it seemed doubtful if she would ever leave the room alive. Day after day, and week after week she was watched and tended; and at last reason and consciousness returned.

But John was lost to her for ever; her father had taken a savage pleasure in telling her, as soon as she was able to bear it, that he was expiating his crime in the prison; and Archibald had forbidden anyone to mention his name again.

The Eadens could not stay in Pennybrook after their disgrace; they moved off, no one knew where, and all clue to John was lost.

Seraph shed bitter tears to think how she had deceived her; but it was a long, long time before she could cease to love him.

The Gimple farm, indignant at being mistaken for a copper mine, revenged itself by becoming neither one nor the other; and Archibald Gimple, a broken down old man, pleaded with his daughter to save him from want by marrying Mr. Geales.

It was a long time before Seraph consented, but finally she married him; and her husband faithfully took charge of them all as long as his money lasted. Seraph never knew her husband's guilt toward John Eaden, and it was well for her peace of mind that she did not; he was always kind and affectionate to her, and when he died she sincerely lamented him, although not as she would have lamented John.

He had ruined himself, as he ruined his father-in-law; but Archibald Gimple was now beyond all earthly care for "food and raiment," and only Seraph and Aunt Perditha were left.

Miss Gimple had a little property, with which she purchased a small house in another part of Pennybrook; and resuming her original trade of tailoress aunt and niece lived together, and worked and suffered in concert.

On a sultry afternoon in August, two ladies sat in the narrow strip of entry (which not even courtesy could dignify by the name of "hall") that belonged to a small, plain house in a by street of Pennybrook. The day was very warm, and the front door had been left open to admit all the breeze there was to enter—giving a fine view of the marigolds, coxcombs, and French variegated flowers in "the courtyard."

"The ladies, who both wore spectacles, were sewing busily on men's garments; and there was a sweetness of expression in the face of the younger one that had outlived the perishing beauty of features and complexion."

"Seraph!" exclaimed the elder lady, peering sharply through her spectacles, "there comes one of them plaguemy men, I do believe, with somethin' to sell! Why can't they git some honest employment

instead of 'traps' round the country? Looks like that horrid man with the papers of needles, who bawls at you to keep 'em until he comes for 'em—and then when he does come, he declares that he's left a paper more than he has and wants you to pay for 'em!"

Seraph smiled sweetly, but with perfect indifference, and afterward she gave a little sigh; while Miss Perditha Gimple, a spry maiden of over eighty, moved to the door to overwhelm the intruder.

"Clear out!" she exclaimed, in a shrill voice, "don't want none o' your trash and trumpery!" He was an elderly, white-haired man; and he now looked very comely at the excited speaker.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" said he.

"What do you take me for, I should like to know?" was the indignant rejoinder. "Do you suppose I'm a 'help,' or what?"

The man smiled a little, as he put the question in a different form, "Can I see Mrs. Seraph Geales?"

"I dare say you ken, if you open your eyes," said Miss Perditha, tartly; for Seraph stood in the doorway, shading her face with her hand, and looking almost breathlessly at the man.

"Who—who are you?" said she, at last.

"Do you know me, Seraph?" asked a voice that was marvellously familiar; and John Enden came close up to her.

She looked at him for a moment, and then remembering where she had last seen him, she turned and walked into the house. More than forty years had passed since then, and Seraph sat down and wept like a child. John Enden followed her, and sat down a little way off, gazing at her with a loving, commiserating look.

"Well, if this ain't impudence!" exclaimed Miss Perditha, who still felt it her duty to act as duenna. "I should think you wouldn't hev the face to come into this house at all!"

But the intruder sat looking at Seraph; and in a few moments he spoke. "Do not look upon me as a villain, Seraph; I am an innocent man, and have suffered most unjustly—when you are calm, I will tell you about it."

Although the youthful brightness had long since departed from Seraph's eyes, the gentle, confiding look was still there, and such a look she now fixed upon John Enden; while Miss Perditha took up the neglected work with much apparent dignity, although inwardly consumed by curiosity to hear what John had to say.

"My first knowledge of forgers, Seraph, came with the discovery that I had been made their tool. It was a cruel business—but the disgrace, the imprisonment, and all, were nothing to losing you. I had toiled for you, Seraph, and that very toil was the means of losing you! I was not kept long in imprisonment, though—I had a few kind friends, and through their exertions, it was proved that I was innocent. But I was ill for a long time after that, and out of my mind; and when I at last recovered, and heard of you, you were married. I cared for nothing in the world then, and went off to sea in a fit of despair. We were chased by pirates, and captured; and I, and several companions, were sold into slavery. For twenty years, Seraph, I wore chains; and, at the end of that time, we escaped. I had gained some knowledge of trade, and contrived to take with me some of the gold which I felt that I had justly earned; I travelled about with merchandise from place to place—until, at last, I have reached my native shore with more than money enough to buy the cottage. I could not rest without coming to tell you this, Seraph."

Seraph Geales went up to John Enden and took his hand.

"Forgive us all," said she, "the wrong that we have done you—and to prove it, come and live in Pennybrook."

"I will, Seraph," was the reply, "but it must be as we promised to live, so many years ago."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed Seraph, pointing to the silver hair so neatly banded beneath her cap, "do you not see that I am an old woman now, and you are an old man? We should both rather be thinking of the land where 'there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.'"

"And will it make us think of it any the less?" pleaded John, "if we spend our few remaining years together?" Seraph, he continued, earnestly, "had you married me then, do you believe that you would have ceased to love me when 'an old man?' Or that I would have ceased to love you when 'an old woman?'"

"No, no!" replied Seraph, covering her face with her hands, as she thought of all these long years, when they might and should have been together, "but people would laugh at us, John, for marrying at our age."

"Let them laugh," said he, "it is not our fault that we have been obliged to wait so long; and I want you and Aunt Perditha both to help me to keep house."

"Aunt Perditha," said Seraph, when John had left them, "what do you think of it? Doesn't it seem foolish?"

"I always believe," said Miss Gimple, as she creased down a seam, "in followin' out a principle, all things bein' equal—and, as long as you once made up your mind to marry John Enden, and was hindered by 'unforeseen circumstances,' I should show that I know'd my own mind by doin' it now—the circumstances bein' out of the way."

"But we are so old, now," said Seraph, sadly.

"Well, I don't calculate that you expect to 'grow any younger,'" said Miss Perditha.

With Miss Gimple's advice may have been mingled the idea that "keeping house" for John Enden would be much pleasanter than tailoring; but she really loved her niece, and thought that she was only considering Seraph's interests.

They were married on that fifteenth of October; and although they tried to keep it as quiet as possible, the bells were rung furiously.

FACETIE.

THE RETREAT OF THE (UPPER) TEN THOUSAND.

Belgravia.

THE THING TO THROW LIGHT ON SPIRITUALISTIC SPACES.

A spirit-lamp. —Punch.

TABLE-TURNING.

Looking for a train in "Bradshaw." —Punch.

OUR BEST COAST-GUARD.

The inviolate sea. —Punch.

SWEET SYMPATHY.

SCENE: The cloak-room.

Eater Clara (act. 17), conscious of having made the conquest of the evening, and expectant of a shower of congratulations and chaff.

COUSIN (act. 29): "How I did feel for you all the evening, you poor dear! Intolerable of that dreadful young Fitzsadder to victimise you so. Really awful the way that style of men think they may treat very young girls!" —Punch.

A GREAT LIBERTY.

LOCAL EXQUISITE: "Who is that old person?" FAIR INFORMANT: "Mr. Goodchild, M.P. for this county. Was in the ministry some time ago."

L. E.: "Why did he speak to me? We've never been introduced."

F. I.: "I think he took you for a farmer." —Punch.

OF COURSE.

FLINT-HEARTED EMPLOYER: "Well, John, as I wish to deal fairly, any of the men who like to attend the arbitration meeting this afternoon will be paid as if at work."

GROUND-DOWN SON OF TOIL: "Jus' so, sir, we don't mind goin' and has some of us wot don't 'old with habitation be a goin' to 'old a strike meetin' this evenin', o' course you'd do the thing wot's right, and pay us overtime." —Fun.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

EXTREMELY GENTLE WIFE: "Oh, Charlie, would you believe it, Ethel and Bertie are playing with that farmer Wursel's children, who are so coarse and so common!"

CHARLIE (who will have his little joke): "Well, darling, it doesn't matter much, so long as it isn't infectious. Besides, they've both been vaccinated, you know!" —Fun.

BLOW FOR BLOW.

"CALL that a grand piano!" said Mr. Newview Rich, the celebrated "bookmaker," after listening with disgust to the shopman's eulogies on tone and touch and obliquity and etcetera; "don't tell me! What I want is a real grand 'un—a grand 'un to look at—there, like one o' them big 'uns with the pipes down the front. Suthin' to show a man don't mind expense. Blow the price!"—and now he blows the organ. —Fun.

THE RETORT NOT COURTEOUS.

INQUIRER: "I say, my man, can you tell me the way to the bank?"

MAN (resentful at being addressed so familiarly): "Bank, eh? well, there's a good many banks about. Should think Millbank's sum'at like your fagger—ain't it?" —Fun.

PARSON: "How is it, Scrubb, that your comely daughters are still single?"

RUSTIC: "Well, sir, you see there's more time when they would a'bin' they, but they wouldn't 'bin' they. No—they would ha' they, but they wouldn't ha' they!"

A POLISH fellow, when addressed by a man of rank, used to say:

"Thank Heaven and your lordship."

"How many children have you, honest man?"

"Four, thank Heaven and your lordship."

ROYAL FAVOUR.

A low Irishman was one day bringing to his friends that the Queen had spoken to him.

"On being asked what her Majesty said to him, he replied:

"Arrah, my dear honey, she only ax'd me to get out of the way."

NON NOT.

Two gentlemen were walking in the High Street, Southampton, about the hour which industrious damocles of the mop and brush usually devote to cleaning the pavement before the door.

It happened that the bucket used upon such occasions was upon the stones, and one of the gentlemen stumbled against it.

"My dear friend," exclaimed the other, "I lament your death exceedingly!"

"My death!"

"Yes, you have just kicked the bucket."

"Not so," rejoined his friend. "I have only turned a little pale (pail)."

AN English gentleman, talking with his Irish servant, said:

"It is a long time since you heard from your mother, mayhap she is dead."

"Oh, no, your honour," answered he, "she is not dead, or she would have let poor Pat know of it."

A GENTLEMAN in a stage coach passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edition, inquired of the driver what building it was. The driver replied:

"It is the Unitarian Church."

"Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what is that?"

"I don't know," said John; "but I believe it is in the opposition line."

MAN: "You with the ritual till you have got the snout in the proper direction facing the phant which communicates with the vowel; then take hold of his tail and pull it hard as though you wished him to come from the place, when, from a spirit of opposition nature in pigs, he goes up the plank without further trouble."

DICKY SUET.

Suett, meeting Banister, said:

"I intend dining with you soon, on eggs and bacon—what day shall I come, Jack?"

To which the other replied:

"Why, if you will have that dish, you must come on a—friday."

THE WAGER, REDEEMED.

Such little hopes I always found

Of gaining Betsy for my wife,

That I had wager'd Dick a pound,

I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to Heaven! my anxious care

Is all removed; the knot is tied,

And Betsy—fairest of the fair—

Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound

Well pleased I hold myself in debt;

Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found

I lose my wager—win my Bet.

BALLAST.

Ben hired a nag, but 'twould stumble, of course,

And by falling endanger poor Ben,

Aye, and over her bows, sir, this crazy old horse

Would unship, and unship him again.

"Vast! there's nothing like ballast,"

Said Backstay, and laughed,

So he tied to the tail of his steed

A bushel of pebbles to trim her abatt,

And prevent her from pitching ahead.

RAISING RENT.

A FARMER in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord:

"John, I am going to raise your rent."

John replied:

"Sir, I am much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself!"

VALUE FOR MONEY.

A boarder at a San Francisco hotel thought it prudent to settle terms beforehand, to be sure that his money would hold out—two dollars a day. He stayed months, and sent for his bill.

Horror! Two dollars a day for board was only a small part of the items charged. Sixty dollars for fire loomed conspicuously, and the boarder demurred.

"Can't help it," said the landlord: "we can't afford to furnish a man with fuel and a man to attend for less than a dollar a day."

"All right," replied the boarder: "I'm willing to pay a dollar a day for fire, but don't want to pay for more than I've had. Now out of all the time I've been here, it's impossible that I could have had a fire more than half-a-dozen days in the whole sixty."

"Well," says the landlord, "that's not our fault. The fuel was there and a man to attend to it; you might have used it if you had a mind to."

But the boarder remonstrated still further.

"If you'll come up and look at my room, I think I can convince you that there never has been any fuel there; and what's more," continued he, rising to the sublimity of the situation, "there's no place to put it if there were. There is no fireplace in the room, and no stove. There's not even a chimney in the room for the smoke to go out; nor a stove pipe, nor a hole to put a stove pipe around."

The landlord collapsed.

A DANBURY young man who left on a Far Western expedition was bidding his friends good-bye at the depot, when a young girl cried out:

"Bring me the scalp of a Madoc, won't you?"

The young man, feeling a little hurt at her indifference to his departure, and the dangers he was about to encounter, sadly replied:

"No, Emma; you should not look for more hair until you have paid for that you now wear."

The learned and venerable Dr. L. after breakfasting one morning with a gentleman of some consideration in the north, rode out with him and some other friends, in his carriage.

The conversation turning upon religion, the gentleman, who was said to be somewhat sceptical, remarked, that highly as he esteemed his worthy friend, Dr. L., and dry points in his religious creed did not at all square with his ideas of orthodoxy: to instance but one—for his own part, he could not imagine Heaven from which such men as Plato and Socrates had a chance of being excluded.

"Sir," said the doctor, "I shall, indeed, be most happy to behold those worthies of antiquity in that abode of purity and bliss; but if I do not meet them there, there will be some satisfactory reason for it."

A GLENNMAN being indisposed, and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden.

The servant went there, but being at a loss how to find it out, thought that the shortest way was to pluck up the post; which he accordingly did, and carried it to his master, with the sun dial, saying to him:

"Bless me, sir, look at it yourself, it is indeed all a mystery to me."

"I wonder," says a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly on one point—he wishes to be master and so do I."

BARTER, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend whose opinion he wished to have on a new comedy, he found him in his best moments, but notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read.

"Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live."

"Aye," replied Barthe, "but this will only occupy half that time."

ON TWO UNIVERSITIES.

'Tis no wonder why Oxford and Cambridge abound

In such excellent stores of deep learning profound;

Since so many we see come from thence every day,

And scarce ever are known to bring any away.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

Soon after the Rye-house plot was discovered, thinking to be severe on the character of his brother, he exhibited a striking feature of his own.

The Duke, one day, returning from hunting with his guards, found shooting in Hyde Park.

He expressed his surprise how his majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time.

"James," replied the king, "take care of yourself, and I am safe. No man will kill me to make you king."

STATISTICS.

MARRIAGES.—During the second quarter of this year, ending the 30th of June, 122,386 persons were married in England and Wales, exceeding by 5,716 the number in the corresponding period of 1875. The annual marriage rate was equal to 16.8 per 1,200 persons estimated to be living, against 18.3 17.9, and 15.2 in the second quarters of 1873 4-5. The marriage rate in the spring quarter of this year was identical with the average rate in the corresponding period of the 37 years 1839-74. It was lowest 15.2 in the second quarter of 1852, and highest, 18.3, in the same season both of 1866 and 1873. The marriage rate in the quarter ending the 30th of June last was equal to 12.3 and 12.5 per 1,200 in the principally agricultural population of the eastern and south midland registration divisions; and ranged upwards to 19.3 in the north-western and 19.4 in the north midland division. In London the marriage rate was equal to 20.0 an increase of one per thousand upon the rate in the spring quarter of 1875. The lowest county rates were 10.7 in Cambridgeshire, 10.9 in Huntingdonshire, and 11.2 in Cornwall; the highest rates 19.3 in Lancashire, 20.2 in Northumberland, 20.9 in Nottinghamshire, and 20.0 in Lincolnshire.

THE SECRET.

Last night when the rosy twilight
On meadow and streamlet fell,
She came to my arms, my darling,
With a strange sweet tale to tell;
And nestling away in the shadows,
Lest the curious stars might see
How brighter by far were her shining
Eyes,
Than they ever might hope to be.

And lightly smoothing my braided hair
In her soft caressing way,
Said, "Alice, my darling sister,
I have something so strange to say;
You are doubly dear to-night, Alice,
The reason I cannot tell,
But I am very sure that never before
Have I loved you one-half as well."

Then the sobs she had smothered so
barely
In joyful tears ran wild,
And I kissed her blushing cheeks as she
lay
In my arms like a happy child.
With her wet face hid in my bosom
The wonderful story came,
He had told her a dear, sweet secret,
And asked her to bear his name.

I knew that we were poor, while he
Had wealth and a honored name,
I knew of his manly work and truth,
His genius and rising fame;
Then I laid my hand on her shining
curls,
And felt with a glow of pride
The holy love of her warm, pure heart,
Fit dowry for a monarch's bride!

E. E. E.

THE USE OF WEALTH.

Riches which so many seek,
Of themselves are vain and weak,
Time, our choicest diadem,
We should not squander all for them;
For they are only worth our strife
When they lead to better life.
I asked a good man and a great
Who it is that's fortunate.
He said: "Tis he who does employ
His hours in work and wholesome joy;
And he is most unfortunate
Who does no good with his estate."
Better be poor than rise to know
The wealth which has no overflow.

J. P.

GEMS.

He who agrees with himself, agrees with others.
The prosperity of others is the alarm-bell of ambitious people.
Men with few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.
To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations.

Never scoff at religion; it is not only proof of a wicked heart, but of low breeding.

The pitying tears and fond smiles of woman are like the showers and sunshine of spring.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; and too much insensibility creates crime.

If you wish to keep your enemies from knowing any harm of you, don't let your friends know any.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much.

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

We should forget that there was any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth?

We would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO PREPARE A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE.—Take a half-cup each of best Java and Maracibo, half an egg and shell, and a little cold water; mix well together; have coffee-pot hot; pour into coffee a big quart of boiling water; beat briskly. Let it boil fifteen minutes, just so you can see it bubble in the pot. Be careful and not allow it to boil over. Set it on one side three minutes, and then it will be ready for the table. This makes four cups of the best coffee you ever drank. If to strong, use three-quarters of a cup.

CALVES' FOOT JELLY.—Put four clean calves' feet into one gallon of water; boil till reduced one-half, then strain and let it stand over night. Take off all the fat in the morning and remove the sediment, and put the clear part over the fire, with three sliced lemons, two cups of sugar, a block of mace, a stick of cinnamon, and the beaten whites of three eggs; boil fifteen minutes, and strain through a jelly bag. If not clear, return to the bag, and strain again into molds. The jelly-bag should always be wrung out of hot water. Throw out the spices and lemon before straining the second time. The jelly should run through the bag of itself, and never be squeezed, as it makes it muddy. The jelly will be quite hard and of a beautiful amber colour.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Make the sponge as for other bread, and with white flour. And when ready mix with graham flour. The dough should not be made very stiff. Work it well; let it rise well, and then bake. Do not put in any sugar; it injures the taste of the bread.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of coffee, prepared as for the table when cold, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in some of the coffee, two cups of raisins after being pitted, cloves, and cinnamon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THREE children at Marpigen, in Prussian Rhineland, have confessed setting on foot, last summer, a story of having seen the Holy Virgin in a wood near the village, and thus attracted many pilgrims to the sacred spot. The three juveniles have been placed in a reformatory. Way not put them into business? They would do well.

PARTING THE HAIR.—The numerous and ridiculous attempts now being made by women to dress and part their hair like men may recall the words of St. Paul that women should have "power over their heads because of the angels." But St. Paul meant the power to be, to cover the head in a country—Corinth—where women are pre-eminently beautiful, where debaucheries prevailed to a proverb, and where men of opulence and rank collected from all parts of the world to procure women by money, or violence, using angels, or messengers, for the purpose. Should war, with its bereavements and desolations, come upon us, we shall be rewarded with more nearly sons and more womanly daughters than is the general run just now.

THE Queen has set herself in opposition to the old Jewish maxim that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the heads of the children, for she has ordered that the families of officers who have resigned their commission to avoid courts-martial, or who have been actually cashiered, shall not lose their chance of pension, if such pension would, in the ordinary course of things, have come to the officer so disgraced, had he continued to hold Her Majesty's commission. It is a graceful act, full of womanly compassion.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. S.—It is certainly obtainable.
 TOM. T.—The colour of the hair is dark-brown. Hand-writing very good.
 A. C.—Two guineas in the first instance, in the second one guinea.
 P. A.—You can take out a pedlar's certificate for one year for five shillings.
 ALBERT.—Your hand-writing wants more freedom, and you can only acquire this by practice.
 S. B.—Milk was until recently much adulterated with water and coloured with annatto; but since the passing of the Adulteration of Food Act this evil has very materially diminished, and a comparatively small quantity of "Simpson" is now the only adulteration employed in London.
 F. G.—The so-called spiritualist mania recently received a severe check by the exposure in our police courts of a "medium."
 A. Y.—We are compelled to decline your verses on account of the defective mechanical versification. Try again.
 Y. Z.—If you want an enduring ink the following can be recommended, designed especially for zinc garden labels: One ounce verdigris, half ounce lamp black, one ounce sal ammoniac, and half a pint of water. Mix in an earthenware mortar, without using a metal spatula. To be shaken well before using, and apply it with a clean quill pen.
 ARTHUR.—Your lines called Pretty Marie are excellent in their way, but require revision. Frequently there are too many syllables in a line—manifestly a very grave defect.
 BRACKWELL has not furnished sufficient particulars as to whom the property is left by.
 CAPT. B.—The best preparation is a composition termed dubbin, sold by most leather-sellers or curriers.
 TIM.—Humour him a little and do not run away.
 J. B.—We do not permit our contemporaries to republish our copyrighted serials.
 V. U.—The specimens are merely rock crystal, and have no value whatever.
 STAR.—We do not know the religious belief of either individual.
 JUNE.—We do not think a correspondence of one year, or even longer, would allow a lady to ask a gentleman for his address.
 POET.—By alliteration is understood a certain concurrence of sounds; ordinarily one or more sequent words beginning with the same letter. This was the prevalent mechanical element in the Anglo-Saxon poetry, such, for example, as that written by Caedmon, the Monk of Whitby. The great modern master of the art, apart of course, from his otherwise vast genius, is Mr. A. C. Swinburne; but there is a very valid reason why all true poets should be more or less engaged in alliteration. It is this: the repetition of the same sound produces melody, and where the liquid letters, l, m, n, v, are concerned, a most agreeable melody results. Here is a specimen from Gray:

"Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles that crown the Ægean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus' waves,
 Or where Meander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinth creep."

Here these lines, if delicately read, produce a fine vocal effect. There is the repetition of sound, or alliteration, in "Meander" and "amber," and of the initial letter in "lingering" and "labyrinth." The splendid poem of "Dolores" by our greatest living poet, supplies moreover many instances, some of them even superior to the one cited from the accomplished Gray.

A.—They are not manufactured now.
 L. S.—Address a mercantile agency.
 C. L.—Apply at a lawyer's office.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

On Saturday, December 16,

Will be Issued

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

PRICE TWOPENCE.

And will Contain some Well Written Tales by Authors of Great Repute.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

B. H.—The fifth finger of the left hand. A lady arrives of age at twenty-one.
 H. F.—We do not know.

WIGHTTALL.

Alone I stand;
 On either hand
 Is gathering gloom stretch sea and land;
 Beneath my feet
 With ceaseless beat,
 The waters murmur low and sweet.
 Now fast, now slow,
 The south winds blow,
 And softly whisper, breathing low;
 With gentle grace
 They kiss my face,
 Or fold me in their cool embrace.

Where one pale star,
 Or waters far,
 Droops down to touch the harbour bar,
 A faint light gleams,
 A light that seems
 To grow and grow till Nature teems

With mellow haze;
 And to my gaze
 Comes proudly rising, with its rays
 No longer dim,
 The moon; its rim
 In splendour glides the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
 The heavens' plain;
 Behind it trails a starry train,—
 While low and sweet
 The wavelets beat
 Their murmuring music at my feet.

'Tis sacred ground;
 A peace profound
 Comes o'er my soul. I hear no sound
 Save at my feet
 The ceaseless beat
 Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

E. W.

BUDDY and SARAH, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Buddy is twenty-seven, fair, medium height, and good-looking. Sarah, twenty-three, dark, good-looking.

A. M., twenty-two, tall, dark, and considered good-looking, would like to correspond with a tall, fair young lady.

H., twenty-eight, tall, sober, would like to correspond with a respectable young woman of the Protestant or Dissenting Church.

ROBERT, eighteen, wishes to correspond with a young lady about seventeen, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition.

CLARA and MILLY, two friends, wish to correspond with two respectable young gentlemen. Respondents must be tall. Clara is seventeen, dark hair and eyes. Milly is twenty-four, light hair, dark eyes, and fond of home and music.

FLYING JIB and MAINSTAY, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Flying Jib is of medium height, blue eyes, and of a loving disposition. Mainstay is tall and dark. Respondents must be about seventeen or eighteen, thoroughly domesticated, of a loving disposition and fond of home.

BOB, twenty-two, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, and thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a dark young gentleman.

CLYDE, dark complexion, would like to correspond with a young man fond of home, with a view to matrimony.

JESSIE and LOUISA, two sisters, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Ethel is twenty, tall, light hair, and good-looking. Lottie is nineteen, medium height, auburn hair, and good-looking. Both are of loving dispositions, and thoroughly domesticated.

TOM W., ALFRED M., and BOB H. would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. They are all good-looking, and well-educated. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of home and children.

TOM by—W., seventeen, medium height, dark, brown hair.

MARY by—Alfred, nineteen, light hair, and considered good-looking.

VIOLBY by—Theresa, twenty-three, medium height, fair, fond of home and children.

DAISY by—Irwin, twenty-one, tall, of a loving disposition.

ALF by—K., eighteen, tall, brown hair, brown eyes, and considered good-looking.

MARY by—Jem, twenty.

NINA by—E. B., seventeen, medium height, of a loving disposition.

TEDDY T. by—Rose, eighteen, hazel eyes, dark, fond of home, considered good-looking.

BILL by—Florence, of a loving disposition, and fond of home.

EMILY by—M. M., twenty-one.

EDWY by—Jenny, seventeen, medium height, domesticated.

M. A. by—Daisy, eighteen, medium height, dark, light brown hair, brown eyes, fond of home and children, and domesticated.

L. F. by—Joe, a tradesman, twenty-eight, medium height, light brown hair, hazel eyes, considered good-looking.

Topsy by—Alex, seventeen. Would like to receive carte-de-visite.

GEORGE by—Annie, eighteen. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

LAURA by—Sweet William, nineteen, and dark complexion.

VIOLBY by—A., twenty-two, medium height, and good-looking.

DAISY by—B., twenty-six, medium height, and good-looking.

BAN by—E.

HAPPY FACE by—W. A. J., fair, blue eyes, and fond of home.

NABOB by—Ettie, twenty-two, tall, blue eyes, auburn hair.

TOM by—Minnie, eighteen. Thinks she is all he requires.

MILLY by—T., twenty-four, medium height, considered good-looking, dark complexion. Would like to receive carte-de-visite.

A. Z. by—T. M., about seventeen, fair, blue eyes, and dark hair.

EMILY by—Tim, twenty-three, dark, fond of home, good-looking, and medium height.

ERIE by—Novie, thirty-one, brown hair, and eyes, fond of home, considered good-looking; dark hair, and medium height.

LOTTIE by—G. E., nineteen, of a loving disposition, and dark complexion.

DELTA by—Clara, dark complexion, good-looking, and thinks he is all she requires.

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